THE CHICAGO LEDGER

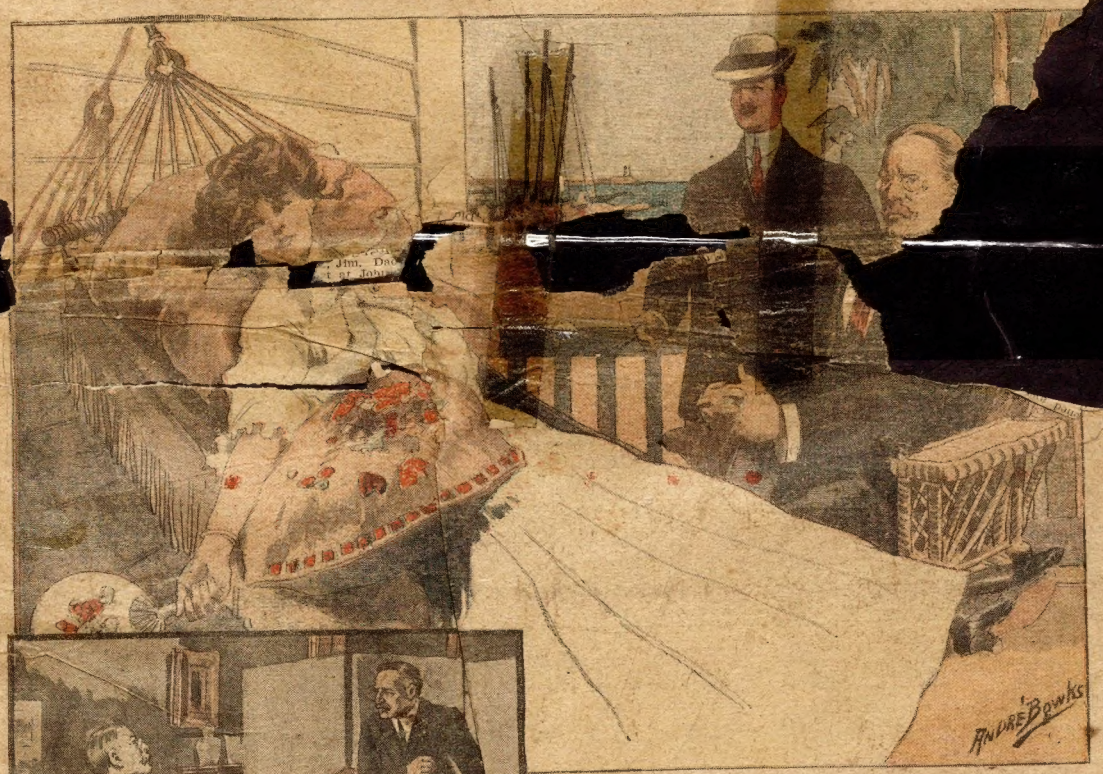
VOL. XXXIX. NO. 1. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1911. SINGLE COPIES 5 CENTS.

The Runaway Wife;

Or, THE TRAIL OF VENGEANCE

(A Story of the Panama Canal and a Long Chase Through South America)

By Adrienne Roucolle



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CHAPTER I.

MIGUEL DIONEZA.

The day had been unusually hot and oppressive, and the city of Colon, Panama, lay panting in the white heat of the tropical sun. In the crude light of the glaring sunshine, the frame houses along the wharves, with their peaked roofs, outside balconies and stairways and verandas of tints and pastel, made a conglomerate blend of colors, lights and shadows that mingled. From the steaming swamps outside the city, rose a dangerous blue mist of unhealthy vapor.

In the shade of the cocoanut grove fronting the hotel, which stands facing the blue expanse of the Caribbean Sea, the tourists, reclining in their hammocks, or lounging in their easy chairs, were enjoying the relative coolness of the shade as compared with the breathless heat of the streets.

Reclining in one of the hammocks, swung beneath the broad verandah, was a young girl of some eighteen or twenty years of age, her fair head, with its clinging tendrils of gold, nestling on her arm, her eyes half closed in a semidoze. She made a bewitching picture, at least so thought a middle-aged man who sat near by, gazing silent admiration on the sleeping girl. His countenance, as he gazed, his face, usually stern and set, softened with tenderness mingled with sadness.

He was not the only one thus lost in admiring not the only one thus lost in admiration, for further down the Yoshida, leaning against a pillar, stood a much younger man, whose eyes were bent on the same picture of sleeping beauty. The swarthy figure, with its frame of jet black hair, showed the Spanish ancestry, as did also the latter's elegance and refinement of his native figure, faultlessly clad in garments of the best cut. That he belonged to better society was silently expressed in the somewhat haughty lines of the face and the unconscious pride of his bearing.

Suddenly the older man [illegible] a deep sigh, drew out his watch and arose to his feet. The slight rustle the newspaper on his knee made as it fell to the floor, awoke the sleeper, and the girl arose to a sitting position.

"Where are you going, daddy?" she asked of the man as he was walking away.

He turned at the sound of her voice, his face softening anew in a smile.

"I'm sorry I woke you, pet," he apologized instead of answering her question.

"I wasn't sleeping," she answered. "I was only thinking."

"Thinking of what?" he demanded playfully.

"Oh, lots of things—the heat, Aunt Martha, you, and——" she paused suddenly, a flow of blood mantling her cheeks.

"And what?" questioned the father, noticing the hesitation and her heightening color.

"I don't remember, my mind wandered over so many things," she stammered hurriedly. "But you did not tell me where you were going."

He looked at her for a second, then decided not to press his question. Some episodic romance of which she hesitated to tell him, a man. It was a good thing for the child he was taking her back to the states. She had reached the age when a girl must have a woman confidante and adviser, so thought he as he answered her question.

"I am going to the wharves."

"In this heat?" she exclaimed.

"I must be there when the ves-

I believe I told you I was expecting a Spanish client. He arrives today."

"I understand," she answered, and, though she longed to ask for more information, something in the suddenly grave and thoughtful face of her father told her not to do so.

"I wish you to have the maid help you pack our belongings as soon as it gets cooler," he continued; "we may have to leave at a minute's notice."

"We're going to join Aunt Martha, then?" she asked curiously.

"Maybe," he answered laconically, then, looking at his watch once more, added: "I must leave you for I will be late."

She looked after him for a second in wonder, then jumped down from the hammock and walked toward the door, used as she was never to question her father's actions. As she passed by the pillar by which stood the young man, something in the magnetism of his gaze caused her to look up and their eyes met. She lowered hers immediately, and hurried on, her cheeks flaming red. For the last four days, everywhere she went, she seemed to encounter this young man, and the ardor of his gaze filled her with a strange unrest which as yet she could not understand. It was of him she was thinking when her father had awakened her from her day dream, and for some reason, she had hesitated about speaking of him when questioned by her father as to the nature of her thoughts. She hurried to her room, and calling the maid, began packing, still haunted by the dark beauty of the stranger.

Meanwhile, at the wharves the expected vessel, which had been sighted earlier in the afternoon, arrived on schedule time, and the passengers landed with the usual hurrying and pushing. One man alone took his time, every one of his movements being slow, deliberate and measured. His tall form, the hard, stern face, and the haughty dignity of his walk, marked him out from the others, and though he did not push or hurry, the other passengers moved away to let him by, so great was the air of authority of the man. He wore a [illegible] suit, whose tight-fitting [illegible] brought out the slender straight [illegible] form, which made a startling [illegible] the streaked whiteness of his [illegible]ache. Still, on a second look [illegible] could see that the gray- [illegible]r and lines of care on the [illegible]aused by age, for the man [illegible]ore than thirty-five or forty [illegible]

[illegible]locks the newcomer [illegible]gly, then, spying a [illegible] scanning closely [illegible]ced toward him, [illegible] lightly shaded [illegible] the answering [illegible]addressed. "I [illegible] the hotel, I [illegible]sledging [illegible]ad the [illegible]ish [illegible]uch [illegible]aster, [illegible]gage [illegible]leman [illegible]. wrote. [illegible] could [illegible]and the servant [illegible] without having spoken a [illegible]

"Come," said Dioneza, "we will talk at the hotel."

Not a word was spoken on the way, Harkless keen a judge of character to dare intrude on the silence of his haughty companion. When they reached the hotel, Dioneza, after signing the register, ordered:

"Come up to my rooms."

It was only after the door of the room was closed upon them and both had taken seats, that Dioneza turned a white, set face to his companion with a "Well?" which betrayed in the flash of a second all the anxiety, the impatience and the emotion which had been forced back of the cold exterior. This emotion which made the automaton which had so puzzled him now seem human, put Harkless at his ease, for he now realized that he was dealing with a man, not a marble figure. He therefore took his time about answering.

"When you came to me, ten weeks ago, asking us to locate the whereabouts of your eloping wife, I hardly hoped to be able to obtain such prompt results considering ——" he began, but the other cut him short impatiently.

"I don't care to know of the difficulties encountered, what I want is the results. Is she found?"

"I announced so much in my telegram, sir."

"Where is she?" next asked Dioneza in hoarse accents.

"She was here until last week," replied the detective, watching the working face narrowly.

Dioneza rose to his feet with an oath, murmured in Spanish, and asked, "She has left?"

"What do you mean by being here, then? Was it not understood that when once found you were not to let her out of your sight for a second?"

Harkless had a shrewd smile and he answered quietly:

"She isn't out of my sight, sir. When I have not enough of my own eyes I hire the eyes of others to see for me. It was necessary for me to meet you on your arrival, for that reason I have dispatched one of my men after Mrs. Dioneza, who is now in Panama at the Villa del Rosa."

Dioneza, realizing how his excitement was betraying his inward emotion, forced himself to resume his seat as he put the question:

"Are you absolutely sure of the man?"

"He wouldn't be working for me if I wasn't," was the brief but conclusive reply.

"There is no possibility of his losing track of her?"

"None. In the first place she does not know she is being shadowed and will not [illegible] evade pursuit."

[illegible] time neither spoke. Dioneza nervously lighting a cigarette, which he lit with [illegible]ers, asking in thick, unsteady [illegible] attempted to carelessly blow the [illegible] in irregular rings above his head, avoiding as much as possible the keen eyes the detective fixed upon him:

"Who is the man?"

"To the outside world there is no man, Senor Dioneza, but a detective is supposed to know more than the outside world," began Harkless with maddening slowness.

"To the point," ordered Dioneza abruptly. "His name!"

"Don Ricardo Cabrenoza."

Dioneza frowned. "Cabrenoza, I don't know him. Who and what is he?"

"He is very prominent in the republic of Panama. Has been twice elected Governor of his province, is very wealthy and is being mentioned as the future first 'designado,' which in Panama is equal to being Vice-President in the United States. His son, young Carlos Cabrenoza has been recently elected to the assembly, being a lawyer of some note, though only recently graduated. The wife has been dead ten years, having committed suicide because of a quarrel with her husband, the details of which were kept from the public."

"All that is of interest me," broke in Dioneza. "What I want to know is how this man met my wife?"

That is what I was about to tell you when you interrupted. Your wife was the cause of the quarrel of the Cabrenozas and of the subsequent death of the wife, who killed herself in a fit of jealous rage."

"Then she was his mistress before she became your wife," cried Dioneza, as livid, wild-eyed, he bent forward, all his indifference leaving him, the tumultuous rage boiling within him breaking all bonds of restraint.

"She was, and it was to return to him that she left you. I have traced her since Dioneza's life back some five years previous to her marriage to you. I find in my work that a woman's past always colors her future, especially when that past is what we call 'shady.'"

Dioneza fell back in his chair crushed, murmuring half aloud:

"So it was all a farce from start to finish! She never loved me!"

Harkless, who overheard the muttered comment, answered it with his usual brutal frankness:

"I suppose she did for a few days. You came to her immediately after her rupture with Cabrenoza, and, as you offered her her marriage, she accepted, hoping, perhaps that the dignity of wifehood would aid her to live down the past. You made the mistake of taking her to your Texas ranch, where life proved too monotonous for her gypsy nature, and she left you to return to her former lover, who had proved to her before that he was a gay liver and a liberal one."

Dioneza was suffering cruelly. Beads of perspiration stood on his brow, but they were not shed there by the heat of the room, as cold shivers made the man's flesh quiver, the despair of his heart freezing his blood in spite of the tropical heat.

"He asked ——"

"His [illegible] love [illegible] this [illegible]

"She would [illegible] told me [illegible] had not [illegible] vantage of [illegible] my devotion [illegible] how I love that woman!"

He had risen [illegible] wild. His bloodshot eyes [illegible] half mad fashion [illegible] calm face of the detective, whose work [illegible] to the sufferings of others [illegible] agony he was now witnessing left him without even a passing emotion. He simply waited until his client was calmer, then said slowly:

"You should have suspected something of the sort when you married her. A woman of her temperament and beauty can not knock about the world as a dancer in theaters and public halls without having had an affair, generally several."

Dioneza had fallen back in his chair, and with his head between his hands, listened to the detective's comments. When Harkless paused he looked up, showing a haggard face greatly different to the one with which he had greeted Harkless at the boat landing.

She deceived me fully, with her assumed innocence and pretended prudery. How could I guess she was playing with me, trying to hoodwink me, making her sure of her dupe, her fool? I trusted her because I loved her. Who does not trust the woman he loves?"

"I admit that your story is not an uncommon one, other men have trusted, other men have been duped, but that does not change your present position. I have done all I promised to do, I have found your missing wife as I said I would. I know where I can lay hands on her whenever I wish; now I want to know your further pleasure, if any."

Dioneza, by a powerful effort of his will, had regained his self-control and it was in a perfectly even voice that he asked:

"You are absolutely sure she can not escape us?"

"I told you one of my men is with her. All movements are wired me in cipher. If you wish it, I can tell within the hour or two the exact menu of her breakfast this morning."

"Very well; I trust it is to your interest to serve me faithfully. Wire your man to redouble his surveillance, then come to me tomorrow morning at ten for instructions. I shall have formulated my plans and decided on my future course of action."

Dioneza had risen to show that the interview was at an end and Harkless took his leave, knowing that during the hours of the coming night the fate of the little Spanish dancer, Anita Dioneza, would be decided.

Joining his daughter on the veranda, by which she had returned when the packing had been completed, he announced smiling:

"Your wish will be fulfilled, Adriana; we leave some time tomorrow for Panama, Aunt Martha."

He expected the girl to express delight in her usual impulsive manner, but instead of the joy he anticipated was surprised to hear her say, as she cast a fugitive glance toward a darkened portion of the veranda in which shadowed a young man:

"Tomorrow, so soon?"

He followed the direction of her gaze, but the rapidly falling [illegible]inkling of [illegible] to see anything, [illegible] him, [illegible] dismissed his instinct [illegible]ughts that [illegible] exclamation and the [illegible] suspicions had caused [illegible]

CHAPTER II.

[illegible] dinner, which [illegible] his room and which he scarcely touched, Dioneza left the hotel, telling his man Garcia not to wait his return. As he passed through the lobby, he encountered Harkless, who was coming out of the dining room with his daughter. With a short nod Dioneza passed on and was soon lost to sight amid the cocoanut trees of the grove fronting the hotel.

"Who is that man, daddy?" asked the girl, as she followed the vanishing figure with wondering eyes.

"He is the client I was expecting. He arrived this afternoon," answered Harkless.

"I don't like him," shivered the girl.

"It is not necessary that you should, as he is not to be at all my type of an ideal son-in-law," laughed the father, amused at the decided manner in which Adriana had expressed her dislike.

"Oh, daddy!" she remonstrated with a saucy smile, then, becoming grave once more, added: "I don't care, he has a bad face. I wouldn't want to be his enemy."

"Neither would I," admitted Harkless, and to himself he thought, "Poor little woman, the verdict will not be in her favor or I am a poor reader of human faces," then, with the callous indifference which long habit brings, he dismissed the thought and gave himself up to the pleasure of his evening with his daughter.

Meanwhile, Dioneza had walked on, leaving the city behind him, following the ocean, heedless where he went, so absorbed was he in his thoughts. The brilliant tropical moon lighting water and marshland brought out the striding silhouette of the man against the dark azure of the sky. After a time he became tired and, pausing, looked around him. Back of him, through the haze of silver vapor, glimmered the lights of the city, before him endless swamps and marshes, to his right the sparkling ocean, in the distance to the left, hills vaguely outlined through a rising fog. He passed his hand over his brow as though to relieve his brain of its weight of thoughts, then he threw himself down on the sandy beach, and there he remained for hours unconscious of the passing minutes, insensible to the creeping, dangerous dampness of the night air.

As a judge, relentless but just, he was called over every incident of his married life and the all too brief courtship which had preceded it. He wanted to be sure, to weigh everything before he pronounced judgment.

The first rays of the rising sun found him still at the same place, but as they struck his widely staring eyes, they awoke him from his torpor. He arose to his feet painfully, numb and stiff from the night's exposure, but these physical sensations were lost in the mental chaos of his weary brain. He looked up toward the [illegible] above him, saying aloud, addressing the silence [illegible] solitudes as though it were some [illegible] presence:

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

this afternoon before your departure for Panama. As I've told you, I want you to reach Panama if you can in an absolutely secure manner. Meet me on the way there under the assumed name of Senor Possess. Spanish merchant. Senor Possess will give you further instructions when you reach Panama, which will be sometime Wednesday. Garcia will tell you exactly what train."

When Harkless left Dioneza's room, a few seconds later, his brain was in a whirl, and in the confusion of his thoughts he wondered how he had come to so easily yield to the Spaniard's offer. It was easy to explain, one had gold to offer and the other loved too deeply to resist.

CHAPTER III.

TRACKING THE GAME.

Adriana left Colon with regrets she could not explain to herself but which, had she been more experienced in the game of love, would have taken the form of a dark and handsome stranger with dreamy black eyes, one glance of which had the power to send her heart bounding in her bosom.

"Why so solemn?" asked her father, as they boarded the car. "I thought you were anxious to see Aunt Martha again."

"So I am," answered the girl hurriedly, "but I somewhat regret leaving Colon. It is so pretty."

Harkless cast a surprised look at his daughter's face. She met the look, then glanced away, her cheeks flaming red. He frowned. What could this emotion mean? He tried to recall all the incidents of their stay in Colon, who had spoken to the girl or been brought in contact with her. His memory showed him no one that he had any knowledge of, and he had been almost constantly with her. He must be mistaken in his suspicions or else he was better at tracking down criminals than looking after young and pretty girls. He would feel relieved when Adriana was once more be under the care of her aunt who loved her as a mother, having had the care of the child from babyhood up to the day when her husband's work as engineer on the Panama Canal had called her south, and Adriana had been placed in a convent to complete her education. The education was now complete, and they were going to try if the climate of Panama agreed with the young girl's constitution. If it did, foster-mother and child would not be separated again, and Harkless would give more care to his business than he possibly could do with the added task of looking after the comfort and entertainment of his winsome daughter.

He finished all of this as he settled back in his seat and watched Adriana, as she looked out of the coach window at the busy, noisy crowd of travelers and sightseers on the platform. Suddenly the girl started. There amid the mixed and colorful crowd of Spaniards, Italians, French, Chinese, Indians, Greeks and negroes, one face caught her eye and set her heart beating faster. She watched it as it appeared and disappeared in the throng, then it entirely, and after a disappointing search, she sighed as she thought.

"He is looking for me and missed us. How unfortunate that father insisted on entering the coach so soon!"

Until the train pulled out of the station she searched in vain for the vanished face, then after one last regretful look at the receding town, she turned her attention to those within the coach who were to be her companions during the short trip. She nearly uttered a cry of joyous surprise as in her sweeping, indifferent glance her eye had encountered another eye which was searching hers. The stranger of Colon was on their train. They would not be parted yet! So over the confusion this knowledge caused her, Adriana began talking rapidly to her father, her lips once more smiling, her eyes dancing.

Harkless, who during the silent message exchanged between the young people, had been thinking of the quest on which he was starting and which would lead him he knew not where, had not noticed anything unusual was delighted that the passing cloud which had darkened his daughter's brow at the parting, had entirely disappeared. The rest of the trip passed pleasantly for him. Adriana happy and confused in one by the respectful persistance of the stranger's look. Harkless pleased that his daughter should take such interest in his explanations about the Panama Canal, the history of past failure and the hopes of its future success with practical Yankees to guide its destiny. He, therefore, spoke almost continually, not noticing that the girl, aside from an "Ah!" or an "Is it possible?" scarcely spoke a word, lost as she was in thoughts which carried but little interest in the Panama Canal, that monumental contribution of the despised black race to civilization, as Harkless expressed it, it being his opinion that the blacks were the only fit workmen for the task.

The train steamed into Panama on schedule time, and to the girl the joy of her reunion with her beloved aunt, who met them at the station, was tempered with the regret that the parting with the dark-eyed stranger was now definite.

After Harkless had accompanied his daughter and his sister-in-law, Mrs. Williamson, to the latter's cottage, he took leave of the two women, saying:

"I am going to be very busy for the next few days, and will, therefore, be very irregular in my comings and goings, so never wait for me either at night or at meal time, and never plan on my going anywhere with you, as I am never sure of two leisure hours in succession."

"What are you doing now?" asked Mrs. Williamson, who like her neice, did not know Harkless' real profession.

"I am looking up claims and land title for a Spanish capitalist who recently sold out extensive interests in the United States and Mexico," he answered easily, having expected the question. "The titles are somewhat shady, which makes the task almost a piece of detective work."

"I believe you would have made a good detective, had you tried," asserted Mrs. Williamson, to which Harkless replied with an amused smile:

"No telling what a man can do when he tries."

After leaving the two women, Harkless went to secure for the coming Wednesday the required rooms for his client, then he went for his mail, which he had addressed to a third class hotel in the Italian quarter of the city, where his assistant had rented a room for him that they might have a place for future confidential meetings. Here he found two reports from his man and one message sent the day before. The first report stated that Anita Dioneza alias Anita Mendoza, had arrived safely at Panama, where she had been met with a closed carriage, which had immediately taken her to a lonely villa on the outskirts of the new Panama, near the primitive jungle-covered ruins of the former city, that wonderful city which at one time in the world's history had been the envy of nations, until it had become the spoil of Morgan and his fellow freebooters. Here she and a man had alighted from the carriage and entered the house, the man leaving an hour later and returning to the city in the same carriage which had driven them out.

The second report gave the man's name as that of the noted Don Ricardo Cabrenoza, giving the address of his palatial residence in Panama, and adding that an extra man had been hired to shadow him. The report stated farther that Senora Anita lived alone at the villa with three servants, her maid and a half-breed Panama couple of Indian and Spanish blood. The couple lived in a pavilion back of the villa, the woman acting as cook and housekeeper, the man as gardner and general utility servant. The maid could prove useful in following intelligence and shrewdness, the others could not be relied upon, as neither seemed capable of anything but manual labor.

In the message which had been sent the night before after receiving Harkless' wire announcing his coming to Panama, the man gave the detective minute directions how to reach the Villa del Rosa, stating that every night between the hours of nine and ten, his assistant would wait for him in the shadow of a cluster of ruins, some hundred yards beyond the villa.

Harkless looked at his watch. It was still early, so he determined to go out before dark and get an idea of the lay of the land. He had no difficulty in locating the ruins and villa, then he returned to the city, going to a hotel for his evening meal, wishing to have time to think out the plans for the coming campaign, which he knew would task to the uttermost his ability and skill.

At the appointed hour he was at the place of meeting. For a second he saw nothing, then the dark figure of a man, who had been standing motionless in the shadow moved a little. This slight movement caused Harkless to turn with the whispered name:

"Smith?"

The man in hiding advanced cautiously nearer with extended hand, which Harkless seized and pressed heartily.

"I knew you've come, Mr. Harkless," remarked Smith, in the same guarded tones as had been used by the detective.

"Anything new?" asked Harkless without farther parley.

"Nothing. I think we can have the mail. I [illegible] to see, for I've been on pins and needles of expectation, excitement, the sort one can have for money or what money brings."

"What about the mail?"

"Spanish descent, but American birth. Speaks both languages perfectly."

"Her name?"

"Inez Arvenda. She finds life at the villa frightfully dull and would welcome almost any diversion."

"Very well, give her some and see the exact lay of the land. I have wired Martin to join us. As he was to leave immediately he should be here in a couple of days. I will then have him take your place of looking after the mistress while you give your exclusive attention to the maid."

"Very well."

"Now, what about the mistress?"

"Nothing new. She spends her days in the house, takes a stroll in the gardens in the cool of the evening, receives no one. Visits Panama, who comes in the dead of night or in the dark of the evening. I dared not question the maid farther, it might have aroused suspicion."

"Very wise. Did you get a report from the man who is shadowing Cabrenoza?"

"Yes this morning. He, contrary to the lady, is constantly on the go, at the theaters, gambling clubs, fashionable cafes, every place where wealth and fashion are to be found, is he to be seen, renewing acquaintance with old friends or making new ones. He is expecting his son home any day from Colon, where the young man was sent recently for an important law case."

"You are, of course, sure of the man you have employed?"

"Certain, since he thinks he knows why he has thus been employed and will therefore not try to find the real reason."

"What did you tell him?"

"That Cabrenoza's friends were afraid for his safety, because of his political enemies, and that he was to act as a sort of bodyguard over his senorship, without letting him guess that he was being thus protected, as he was so recklessly brave that he would be angry with those who had sought to thus protect him."

"Good. Do you want any money?"

"Yes. I believe that the little Inez has expensive tastes and, if I get well acquainted with her, I may need to be very liberal."

Harkless handed a pocket book to Smith saying:

"Take this and call on me for more when needed. We are working for a man who doesn't count the cost. Anything more?"

"I think not for tonight," replied Smith, pocketing the money.

"Very well. Keep on sending a daily report to the old address. As soon as Martin reaches Panama I will have you relieved."

With another handshake the two separated and Harkless, sure of the prey, and having nothing else to do, determined to spend the rest of the evening with Mrs. Williamson, with whom he talked about Adriana's future far into the night, while the subject of their conversation lay dreaming of black eyes and dark curls framing a swarthy face.

This extraordinary story will be continued in next week's Ledger. Strange things happen, read it. Watch the Ledger in the coming months and you will find in it some of the most interesting stories ever written. With every month we will try to give you a better and more entertaining paper, so if you are not already a subscriber, you better send in a year's subscription and have the Ledger regularly. Take our advice and attend to this today.

Items of Interest.

New Zealand's government proposes to make loans to settlers, workmen, local bodies, and mining companies, at two per cent interest. The total advances are not to exceed $10,125,000 in any one year.

A fashion journal imparts this very important piece of information: "The ears should be so placed as not to be higher than the eyebrows or lower than the tip of the nose." People who are dressing for a party should remember this.

To check the loquacity of barbers, in the early days of the Christian era, they were not permitted to talk while shaving a patron. Indeed, silence was so much appreciated by persons while under the barber's hands, that mutes were preferred for this service.

Gold in transit by sea "sweats," however tightly it may be packed. It is usually sent in stout kegs, and squeezed in as closely as possible, but there is always a loss by attrition upon the voyage, and in the course of years this loss to the commercial world amounts to a large sum.

A talkative and conceited young man of Richmond was discussing what he was pleased to call "brain food." He contended that no article of food furnished more brain matter than baked beans. Just then an old man looked up and said: "Young man, eat all the baked beans you can get. You need them."

When a destitute child is found begging in the streets of Munich, Bavaria, he is arrested and carried to a charitable institution. On his arrival he is photographed—dirt, rags and all. After being maintained and educated, when he quits the institution to begin life, this photograph is given to him, and he is required to make a solemn declaration that he will keep it as a reminder of the wretched state from which he was saved, and of the kindness shown.

The strange custom of salting new-born babies is still practiced in certain regions of Europe and Asia. The method varies with the differing nationalities of the peoples employing it. The Armenians cover the entire skin of the infant with fine flour. This is left on the baby for three hours or more, when it is washed off with warm water. The mothers imagine that this practice brings health and strength to their offspring, and seems as well to keep away evil spirits.

The Buddhists regard with veneration the burning of a human body after death. They believe that by this process the material parts are restored to the higher elements; whereas burial, or the abandonment of the body, as a prey to animal life, inspires a peculiar horror, since, according to their belief, the body must there return to the earth and pass through countless forms of the lower orders of creation before it can again be fitted for the occupation of a human soul.

A Neighborly Visit.

"Lan' sakes, ain't yew finished pickin' over your strawberries yit? Here, give 'em to me, so's I kin finish 'em. I'll set down in this rocker and hull 'em all in a jiffy. Yes, it does seem as if sum folks never git nothin' done, but I ain't one of them kind, and I'm thankful fer it, too. I must say. When I work, I work, and when I talk, I talk.

"Have you heard that Sarah Miggs is goin' tew be married? Who's she tew marry? Why, Joel Newcomb, o' course. They kin goin' together in the land knows how long, and it's 'bout time they wuz settlin' down. Ain't neither of 'em got enything tew marry on, tho', I can't see what she sees in him, but there's no accountin' fer the tastes a girl has in selectin' a husband, enny more than there's any accountin' fer the way sum folks is made. Now, there's Joel; everybody knows he's a nawful good man, and all that, but, he has his goodness ain't goin' tew git 'em bread and butter, and he don't earn much. His folks hes alwuz bin shiftless. It runs in the blood, 'long with their well meanness.

"Well, I only hope she'll be happy. It's terrible the way marriages turn out nowadays.

"You knew Ransom and Sally had quarreled already, didn't yew? Well, they did, and she's gone home to her mother. She alwuz was a little fool, anyway—no brains and not much sense.

"Well, I must be goin' over home again. I guess I haven't finished your berries, after all, but I ain't wasted any time talkin', anyway. Come over when yew kin and bring your sewing."

An Enthusiast.

LES WILLIS.

Dobbins—I hear that your neighbor, Prof. Fad, is quite an enthusiast in garden experimenting.

Wobbins—Well, I should say so! Next year he is going to graft a straw plant with a milk weed and expects to get strawberries and cream.

Sometimes a man pays empty compliments when he is full.

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Pickled Peppers

Logic.

Kraus—I wonder vat iss it vat keeps der moon in place and und keeps it from falling?

Blatz—I don't know unless it's der beams.

DORIS.

Down the lane, and across the fields,
Doris and I were walking.
Past bulging stacks that the harvest yields,
Doris and I were talking.

"The man I wed," said Doris fair
(Doris did most of the talking),
"Must be a multi-millionaire."
I only kept on walking.

"His hair must be yellow, and his eyes
dark blue"
('Twas Doris doing the talking),
"And he must be A Yale man, too.
Isn't it lovely walking?"

Now I am poor, and my hair is brown
(I never was much at talking),
And I came from Harvard in Cambridge
town
(I'm really quite good at walking).

But I slipped my arm around Doris sweet
(She suddenly stopped her talking),
And I hugged her nearly off her feet.
'Twas really splendid walking.

And I said, "I'm sorry I don't suit you."
(Somehow we'd stopped our walking),
But, "Oh," said Doris, "I guess you'll do."
For Doris was only talking.

Why She Didn't Accept It.

Twelve-year-old Freddy Williams of West Philadelphia is a well-behaved little boy. His education as to etiquette has been so thorough that he never has been known to have overstepped the barriers of good breeding or the discipline of manners.

One day Freddy and his father were going to a theater, so they boarded a Chestnut street car. In a short time the car was crowded and all the available seats were taken. Freddy espied a handsome young woman swinging to a strap only a few feet away from him and, jumping up hastily, he tipped his hat and addressed the woman.

"Take my seat, ma'am," he said.

She didn't take his seat. She flushed to her temples, and then looked fiercely at him. Freddy had been sitting on his papa's lap when he so gallantly proffered his seat.

Can't Judge by the Voice.

One of the duties of a certain clerk in an uptown store is to telephone advertisements to a certain newspaper. About the softest voice that the clerk ever heard is always at the other end of the wire.

After he had phoned a dozen times or so he began to get a little more familiar, and after that he carried on quite a flirtation with the stranger in the newspaper office.

By and by he sent around candy, a box a week. The soft voice would always tell him how good it was the next day, and this was compensation enough. But he longed to see the possessor of the voice. He said so, but the owner told him he would have to be satisfied with hearing the voice. It was a mighty soft voice.

Yesterday the clerk took the situation into his own hands and dropped into the newspaper office. He asked a red-headed, freckled kid at the switchboard who took down the ads?

"I do," said Reddy.

And beside all else, the clerk had spent $6.75 for candy!

Needed Patching.

Barber—What will you have on your face, sir?

Victim—I guess you had better make it adhesive plaster.

Exactly.

He—Do you think married happiness depends on the amount of money the husband earns?

She—No. On the money he spends.

BILLING AND COOING.

In the days when I was wooing,
All my time was spent in cooing.
Cooing blissfully.
First she cooed and then I cooed
As the love chase we pursued
In a happy, dreamy mood.
Ne'er a coo from sweet Babette
But by me was promptly met
Cheerily!

Now we're wed, and 'stead of thrilling
Little coos we twain are billing,
Billing constantly.
First I bill and then she bills,
Bills for grocers, bills for pills,
Ice and bonnets, duds and frills.
Ne'er a bill from sweet Babette
But must be instanter met—
Woe is me!

Plain English.

By the extraordinary contortions of her neck, he concluded she was trying to get a glimpse of the back of her new blouse; by the tense line and scintillating flash about her lips, he concluded that her mouth was full of pins.

"Umph — goof — suff - wuff — she — sh—ffspog!" she asked.

"Quite so, my dear," he agreed. "It looks very nice."

"Ouff — wuff — so — gs — rf — ugh — ight?" was her next remark.

"Perhaps it would look better if you did that," he nodded, "but it fits very nicely as it is."

She stamped and emphasized with her hands.

"I've asked you twice to raise the blinds, so that I can get more light, James!" she exclaimed. "Can't you understand plain English?"

Reflection of a Spinster.

It's my own fault, anyhow; I've had plenty of chances.

Marge McKinlock's kittenish ways disgust me. She's 37, if she's a day.

I don't object to partial baldness in a man, but I do hate to see one who cultivates a long wisp of hair on the side of his head and combs it up over his shiny crown.

I like love stories as well as I ever did, but I don't weep now when they end unhappily.

There's no use talking—no preparation ever was made that will permanently eradicate wrinkles.

Still, it is harder for a man to hide his age; he can't keep his ears from growing fuzzy.

I draw the line at one thing; I won't go anybody's chaperon.

Consolation.

A little girl of 13 or so found herself one day possessed of a new emotion, a desire to be pretty. She struggled with it, but finally went to the long mirror in the hall, and for the first time in her life looked at herself critically from head to foot.

She saw what most girls see at 13, a lanky creature, mostly legs and arms, hands and feet. It hurt her, and she went out of doors to think it over.

Thought resulted in tears, and in tears she was found half an hour later by her particular chum, a boy near her own age. Anxious inquiry as to why she was crying induced her to speak.

"O, Harold," she wailed, "I've just looked at myself in the glass, and I'm so homely!"

The boy was puzzled, but sympathetic, and made an effort at consolation. He looked at her a minute, then awkwardly patted her, saying soothingly:

"Not homely, Alice; just funny looking."

Always Unlucky.

Beers—Poor Mrs. DeAlterres has always been unlucky in the selection of her husbands.

Townsend—Why do you say that?

Beers—Her first husband was a guide in the Adirondacks; her second was a baseball umpire; her third was a manufacturer of dynamite, and her last was an aviator.

A Bitter Lot.

Vaudevillain—Why do they call that foreign nobleman the Duc de Quinine?

Vaudevillainess—Because he is a drug on the market.

Now About Clean Food

Another Splendid Opportunity to Bring Out Facts.

When the "Weekly" which sued us for libel (because we publicly denounced them for an editorial attack on our claims) was searching for some "weak spot," they thought best to send a N. Y. Atty. to Battle Creek, summoned 25 of our workmen and took their sworn statements before a Commissioner.

Did we object? No. On the contrary, we helped all we could, for the opportunity was too good to be lost.

Geo. Haines testified he inspected the wheat and barley, also floors and every part of the factories to know things were kept clean. That every 30 minutes a sample of the products was taken and inspected to keep the food up to standard and keep out any impurities, also that it is the duty of every man in the factories to see that anything not right is immediately reported. Has been with the Co. 10 years.

Edward Young testified had been with Co. 15 years. Inspector, he and his men examined every sack and car of wheat and barley to see they were up to standard and rejected many cars.

H. E. Burt, Supt., testified has been with Co. over 13 years. Bought only the best grain obtainable. That the Co. kept a corps of men who do nothing but keep things clean, bright and polished.

Testified that no ingredient went into Grape-Nuts and Postum except those printed in the advertising. No possibility of any foreign things getting into the foods as most of the machinery is kept closed. Asked if the factory is open to the public, said "yes" and "it took from two to three guides constantly to show visitors through the works." Said none of the processes were carried on behind closed doors.

At this point attys. for the "Weekly" tried to show ...ter used was from some outside source. Testi... water came from Co.'s own artesian wells and ...pure.

He testified the workmen were first-class, high-...de and inspected by the Co.'s physician to be sure ...ere all in proper physical condition; also testi... state reports showed that Co. pays better wages than the average and he thought higher than any in the state.

F. B. Martin, Asst. Supt., testified Grape-Nuts made of Wheat, Barley, Yeast and Water. Anything else? "No, sir." Postum made of Wheat, Wheat Bran and New Orleans Molasses. Statements made on his experience of about 10 years with Co.

Testified bakers are required to wear fresh white suits changed every other day. Said had never known of any of the products being sent out that were below the high standard of inspection. Asked if any one connected with the Postum Co. had instructed him how to testify. Said, "No, sir."

Horace Brown testified has been with Co. 9 years. Worked in Grape-Nuts bake shop. Testified the whole of the flour is composed of Wheat and Barley. Attys. tried to confuse him, but he insisted that any casual visitor could see that nothing else went into the flour. Said machinery and floors always kept clean.

So these men were examined by the "Weekly" lawyers hoping to find at least one who would say that some under-grade grain was put in or some unclean condition was found somewhere.

But it was no use.

Each and every man testified to the purity and cleanliness.

As a sample, take the testimony of Luther W. Mayo.

Testified been with Company about 10 years. Now working in the bakery department making Grape-Nuts. Testified that the ovens and floors are kept clean and the raw products as they go in are kept clean. Also that the wearing apparel of the employes has to be changed three times a week.

Q. Do you use Postum or Grape-Nuts yourself at all?

A. Yes, I use them at home.

Q. If from your knowledge of the factory which you have gained in your ten years at the factory you believed that they were dirty or impure in any way, would you use them?

A. I do not think I would. No.

Asked if any one on behalf of the Company had asked him to testify in any particular manner. Stated "No."

All these sworn depositions were carefully excluded from the testimony at the trial, for they wouldn't sound well for the "Weekly."

Think of the fact that every man swore to the purity and cleanliness so that the Atty. for the "Weekly" was forced to say in open court that the food was pure and good.

What a disappointment for the "Weekly!"

But the testimony showed:

All of the grain used in Grape-Nuts, Postum and Post Toasties is the highest standard possible to obtain.

All parts of the factory are kept scrupulously clean.

None of the workmen had been told how to testify.

Most of them have been from 10 to 15 years with the Co. and use the products on their tables at home.

Why do their families use the products, Grape-Nuts, Postum and Post Toasties, that they themselves, make?

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.,

Battle Creek, Mich.

The Amazing Pact;

Or, A CLEW BY WIRELESS

By WELDON J. COBB.

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Begun in No. 51, Dec. 17. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XV.

TOO LATE.

"WHAT?" gasped the affrighted native, and sat petrified and helpless in the boat.

"I don't know," murmured Strong.

A queer sensation of fear, of impending trouble, began to creep over the senses of the wireless operator.

"Is it dynamite?" he whispered to himself, and dreaded the worst.

He had noticed upon visiting Clive's room early that morning that the satchel, which was ever retained in close possession by Clive, was gone. Had some accident occurred? Had the adventurous Clive run one too many risks with the deadly explosive?

"Row on," ordered Strong to the affrighted native.

The boatman obeyed the mandate, but reluctantly. It took nearly half an hour to round the great promontory. As they did so, glancing anxiously ahead across the clear expanse of sea now presented, Strong uttered a cry of relief and joy.

Coming toward them was a yawl, a grizzled boatman sat at the oars. Strong recognized his friend at the stern. In the bow of the boat was a bulky glittering object he could not readily make out.

As the yawl came nearer, however, Strong discerned that this object was a great piece of wood, and then, the sun glinting along its outlines, he decided that it was the figure-head of some ship.

He hailed the approaching craft cheerily, and soon they came side by side. Clive looked animated, and seemed greatly pleased over something. He had the yawls driven closely together, giving some orders to his companion, whom Strong decided was Gib Mears. The latter changed places with Strong. Clive now took up the oars.

"Glad to see you," he said to Strong, who had seated himself in the stern of the yawl. "What brought you out so early?"

"What is [illegible] pay attention to any thing else for the present.

"The figure-head of the Shooting Star."

"I see now," said Strong, considerably worked up, as, scrutinizing the object more critically, he made out the semblance of a comet-like portrayal in carving and gilt.

"Where did you get it?"

"From the prow of the Shooting Star."

"Did you hear an explosion?"

"Yes."

Clive tapped the satchel at his side significantly.

"Blown up," he said simply.

Ralston Strong sank back weakly. He knew the worst now. His tongue seemed glued to the roof of his mouth. Faintly he asked:

"Why?"

"That is what I came here for," explained Clive. "I have traveled a good many thousand miles on the secret mission. I have successfully accomplished my purpose, and it is a secret no longer, of course."

"I don't understand," murmured Strong vaguely.

"Employed by the British Admiralty and the Lloyds of London to prevent the Shooting Star from doing any further damage to our shipping. I get $10,000 for the job. When I do, I intend to let you know about it," added Clive, with a queer mixture of satisfaction and mystery.

Strong was too overcome to speak. He realized the worst. The Shooting Star, already a water-logged wreck, had been blown up. That meant the end of the Stone clew and the mysterious dispatch box.

"Lucky I arrived when I did, too," went on Clive, in his complacency departing from his ordinary reserve." The craft had floated out of the cove and was well off to sea when I came across her. It took a lot of dynamite, but I finished her up well. What wasn't scattered into broadcast kindling wood, has sunk in fifty fathoms of water."

Strong uttered an audible groan.

"Oh, I am sorry, very sorry for it all!" he said in a tone of despair.

"Why, what is the matter with you?" inquired Clive, in surprise.

"If I had only known your intention, if I had only told you all last night!"

"What are you talking about, man?"

"The Shooting Star."

"Well?"

"I, too, came to the Typhoon Islands to find her."

"You did?"

"Yes."

"For what purpose?"

"To find a valuable box of papers abandoned on board of the ship."

Then, briefly but clearly, Strong narrated his interest in the derelict. He did not confide all of his story to Clive, but he told sufficient to instantly win the sympathy and interest of his companion.

"I wish you had spoken to me of your affairs before this," said Clive gravely. "I was non-committal concerning my own, because I had a secret mission directed by a great corporation. However, even if you had reached the Shooting Star before the explosion, I doubt if you could have got at the dispatch box you speak of, even if it were aboard. You have no idea where it was placed or hidden."

"That is true," assented Strong gloomily.

"The ship was sinking."

"And now?"

"It's contents are scattered about impassible ocean depths; I am truly sorry for you, Strong."

They soon reached the hotel at the settlement. Strong went immediately to his room. He experienced a strange lassitude. This, however, he attributed to the cruel disappointment he had sustained. He lay on his bed in a painful, dreamy doze when a servant appeared.

The latter regarded him curiously. He particularly noted the heated flush on the face of Strong. With a serious face he returned down stairs, and in few minutes the landlord and a doctor entered the room.

Strong was conscious that the physician felt of his pulse. Then he heard him say:

"The man has got the island fever."

Strong then realized that he was ill. Somehow he had not the strength or courage to rouse himself. His senses were reeling. There was a queer jumble in his mind, made up of flitting fanciful pictures of the old wireless tower, his sister, the Shooting Star, Clive, the settlement and Cecile.

With Cecile last in his groping thoughts, the beautiful, innocent girl to champion whose interests he had dauntlessly braved perils of land and sea, Ralston Strong drifted out upon the dark tide of insensibility.

CHAPTER XVI.

HOME.

"Failure!"

That was the word that Ralston Strong spoke to himself and under his breath, but deep down into his soul, and his tired eyes roved hopelessly over the broad expanse of water lying before his view.

Failure, utter and complete—defeat, signal and merciless. Turn which way he might, the stark, disheartening fact confronted him, sternly, irremediably.

He had crossed the ocean, he had brave peril only to meet with defeat. The Shooting Star was a memory, the mysterious dispatch box lost irretrievably, mid rigging and spar, or sunk fathoms from sight and search where the tangled sea weed swung.

This was the first day of his convalescence, and propped up with pillows in an easy chair, Strong sat on the veranda of the rude settlement hotel, a mere shadow of his former self. The terrible island fever had wrought fearful devastation. He was almost a skeleton, his clothing hung loosely about him, and he was weak, dispirited and ambitionless.

The landlord approached. He was a great bluff mariner of a type [illegible] but he was a kindly soul withal. He [illegible] pinches the pillows and sat down by the side of the patient.

"How long have I been ill?" Strong inquired.

"Nine weeks."

"It seems incredible!"

"You've had a tough siege of it, and no mistake, Mr. Strong," declared the landlord. "Many a time the doctor gave you up, but you managed to pull through."

"How shall I ever thank you for all your kindly care?"

"Never mind that—just get well."

"And how shall I ever pay you?" continued Strong anxiously. "I lost most of my money with my baggage after we left the Buenaventura in the yawl."

"Oh, we're all paid," insisted the landlord.

"In what way?"

"Mr. Clive arranged all that."

"Clive? Is he here, then?" inquired Strong hopefully.

"No," replied the landlord gravely, "but he was here for a week after you was taken sick. He ordered that every care be given you, and nursed around you as if he'd been an own brother. You see, he intended going back to England, and a ship came along the fifth day after you were taken down. He shipped the figure-head of The Shooting Star and some papers on the ship. They were proofs, he said."

"I understand—for the London Lloyds," nodded Strong.

"He said he was too good a friend to leave you alone in your trouble, so he remained behind himself."

"He was, indeed, a true friend!" murmured Strong.

"About a week later, something stirred him up to go home. I don't know what it was about, but he had a lot of talk with some of the natives who came to the settlement for supplies. One day he came to me and handed me a hundred dollars. He said it was to be used in paying your expenses until you got well."

"How kind—how considerate!"

"Then he hired a boat of one of the fishermen. I asked him where he was going, and he told me down the coast among the natives. He said that if the weather was fine he might row over to San Baldo island, but at all events he would return within three days."

"Did he do so?"

"No, that is the last we saw of him. Before he left he told me that if anything happened to him, to tell you to go back home, that you might expect to hear from him there in a way that might surprise you."

"What became of him?"

"Lost at sea, drowned."

"Oh, I hope not!" exclaimed Strong.

"We fear it, in fact we feel sure of it," replied the landlord. "The yawl in which he left the settlement was found overturned after a great storm a week after he left us."

Strong bowed his head in silent regret and grief. It seemed as though every human stay he had depended on was failing him. He sat lost in gloomy memories and forebodings. The landlord respected his silence until he again looked up.

"What are your plans, Mr. Strong?" he inquired kindly.

"I must return home," said the invalid. "There will be a chance day after tomorrow. The Arrow touches here, en route for San Francisco."

"But I have no money to pay my passage."

"Oh, yes, you have," declared the landlord. "There is nearly half of the hundred dollars left that Mr. Clive gave me."

Two days later Ralston Strong was again afloat on the briny deep. It was an uneventful voyage. Behind him were regrets, disappointments. Before him was vagueness and uncertainty. He had no proud message for his loving sister, no cheering news for anxious, waiting Cecile.

It seemed as if with the destruction of the Shooting Star the final hope of ever solving the mystery of the life of his friendless, homeless charge was destroyed.

Strong did not linger in San Francisco once reached. He took the first train south, although it carried him some distance beyond the town near which the wireless tower was located.

He reached the village just at dusk. On his way to the town he halted to visit the home of his old friend, the town marshal.

A great surprise and disappointment greeted him. New people occupied the house. They informed Strong that Mr. Hardy had accepted a new position at Sacramento City, and had moved away from the village about a month previous.

The wireless operator renewed his journey. He passed down the familiar beach road in the direction of the old observatory tower.

It loomed up grim and unfriendly looking in the faint moonlight. Its low door was open and hung on one hinge. He hurried up the stairs, anxiously calling out the name of his sister and tenderly whispering that of Cecile.

Untenanted, abandoned—the upper room! They were gone! Dust and disorder showed all about the place. The wireless aerials had been dismantled, the table apparatus was in disorder as if vandal boys had been making riotous ravage in the deserted place.

What did it mean? What had become of his sister Ethel—and Cecile

CHAPTER XVII.

IN THE ENEMY'S HOUSE.

"The last clew!"

Ralston Strong spoke the words under a strange and impressive stress of desperate resolution. A week had passed by since his return from the unsuccessful search for the mysterious dispatch box hidden in the hold of the ill-fated ocean liner, the Shooting Star.

It had been a week of anxiety, suspense and dread. From the deserted wireless tower his sister, Ethel, and her fair young friend, [illegible] Cecile, had utterly disappeared.

It was with growing [illegible] that Strong had sought to learn what had become of them. The villagers told how for about a month the two girls had been leading a life of contentment and comfort. One morning they were missed from their accustomed visit to the town. They had not been seen since, the tower was found with its door open and down. Tramps and mischievous lads had later ranged unchecked over the place, and it was all a mystery as to what had become of the recent occupants of the tower.

Strong had hurried north to the vicinity of Portland. He had made inquiries along all the wireless stations of the coast. No one had heard from Ethel Strong since a last message from the lonely tower many weeks back. Immediately after that the operators had found the tower station cut out of the circuit and reported abandoned.

Strong must be foul play—there is no mere accidental happening to all this," reasoned Strong. "Is it part of the same plot that robbed old Robert Middleton of his life?"

Fresh fervid alarm to grim desperation the emotions of the young wireless operator ran. He was all in the dark. His anxiety for Ethel and Cecil became a torturing dread. Had they been kidnaped, hidden away? What the only possible solution was that the enemies of Middleton had got on the track of Cecile, and a new tangle was given to the mystery which so far had confronted Strong with the merciless malice of a [illegible] throughout?

And then he retraversed all the case from its start. He recalled the last words of the wireless message that Rupert Stone had flashed from the deck of the steamer Satsuma, sinking in mid-ocean: "Watch closely for Gideon Lane."

It had amazed Strong after the most casual inquiry to find that Gideon Lane was a name well known in the district. Within an hour he had learned that he was a millionaire, resident at Fairview, not over twenty miles from the wireless tower. Within twenty-four hours he was lingering about the grounds of the home of Lane.

Strong was puzzled after he had made inquiries concerning Lane. The latter apparently was a very wealthy old man who lived in the district for over a quarter of a century. He led a quiet life of seclusion and luxury. He had a nephew, an adopted heir, named Rexter Ross. There seemed to be nothing in the ordinary, uneventful life of Lane to even suggest a possible connection with the Middleton mystery.

However, that fateful wireless message had named Gideon Lane, and now, loitering around the vicinity of Fairview, Ralston Strong spoke the words that begin the present chapter:

"The last clew!"

He had seated himself under a tree at the verge of a lonely winding road about a mile from the few to reflect over the motives that had brought him to the spot. Now he arose, trying to formulate some plan that would enable him to penetrate to the Lane grounds and mansion. He had walked on scarce two hundred yards, when a few rods down the road he made out an automobile stuck in a deep rut. An old man shifted from it, surveying the situation and apparently at a loss how to repair the difficulty.

The moment his eyes lit upon this man, Strong recognized him as the person who had dropped the envelope bearing the name of Gideon Lane from the automobile near the old tower the day he had left for his ocean trip. Was this the Lane he was

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THE CHICAGO LEDGER

Entered as second-class matter June 25, 1885, at the post-office at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

Published Every Saturday

By W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Single subscriptions to The Chicago Ledger by mail $1.00 a year, 50 cents for six months, in advance. Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Post-office or Express Money Order, payable to The Chicago Ledger. Subscription price in Canada $1.50 a year. We do not send receipts for money paid on subscriptions; the address tab on your paper shows the date to which your subscription is paid.

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ADDRESS ALL LETTERS TO
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CHICAGO, ILL.

GENTLE JABS.

Circumstances and lawyers alter cases.

Some lazy men get credit for having a lot of patience.

Nearly every gift made has some sort of a string tied to it.

It isn't necessary to believe forever what you believed once.

The absent-minded man seldom forgets to pick up a change.

A good excuse is seldom any more effective than a poor one.

Some people deserve their days good because they are harmless.

It takes a genius to explain himself to those who are not geniuses.

Labor is ennobling, but a lot of Americans are opposed to the nobility.

It's awfully hard to convince some men that other people have rights.

Brag about a girl to her female friends if you would discover her faults.

Laziness sometimes borrows the cloak of patience and poses as a virtue.

The time you can depend upon a woman is when you are sick or in trouble.

The game of politics is all right for men who wish to try out their reputations.

It's easier to make an enemy of a friend than it is to make a friend of an enemy.

About the only way you can cultivate some men's acquaintance is by irrigation.

If love makes the world go round, it must be matrimony that gives it a flat-wheel motion.

When his Satanic majesty has a difficult job on hand he enlists the aid of a pretty woman.

When the doctor tells a man to diet, the patient proceeds to refuse all the things he dislikes.

When a man retires from a political office it is usually with the assistance of his constituents.

Perhaps you have observed that spiritualistic mediums do not seem to care a rap for each other.

Every time a man fails in business there is always somebody to say: "Well, I'll bet he feathered his nest."

After spending a lot of time in getting what we want, most of us spend a lot more in trying to get rid of it.

What doth it profit a woman if her servant keeps the commandments intact and breaketh all her crockery?

It seems to be a universally accepted theory that a man should always give his friends a little the best of it.

About the time a man reaches the age where he begins to enjoy life, along comes a ...ing woman and marries him.

...ry time a woman buys anything that ...more than $2 her husband tries to con... her that she purchased a gold brick.

...entist tells us that a woman's mind ...to give away sooner than a man's. ...nt changing naturally wears any... out.

(Continued from page five.)

seeking? He hoped so and believed it. The old man saw him and hailed him.

"Hey, my man, can I get a little of your help?" he called out.

"What is the trouble?" inquired Strong, coming up to the machine.

"My chauffeur left me, and I tried to run the automobile alone. You see the result —in a rut and something wrong with the running gear. Know anything about automobiles?"

"In a general way, yes."

"My name is Lane," went on the old man, and Strong experienced a sense of satisfaction at this verification of his supposition. "I live at Fairview. I'll pay you well for what help you can give me."

Strong investigated the situation. He had handled automobiles enough to soon discover a slight kink in the machinery, which he easily adjusted. He soon got the machine out of the rut. The old man looked him over critically.

"See here," he said abruptly, "are you looking for work?"

"Yes," answered Strong.

"As I told you, my chauffeur has left me. I don't use the machine much, but when I

"Remember, I hold your life in my hands!"

do I would need your service. Outside of that, I need some one to drive to the town for the mail and household supplies. How would you like the situation?"

"Very much, indeed," replied Strong, deeply gratified at thus easily getting into the employ of the man he had come down here purposely to watch.

At the end of several days, however, the wireless operator found himself severely disappointed in his hopes. He entered the service of Lane to find a quiet, orderly household where there was little animation and no gossip at all. He learned nothing concerning the master of the household that could in any way connect him with the Middleton mystery. Lane had lived an even, uneventful life at Fairview for over twenty-five years, and had gone very little into the outside world.

Strong had about made up his mind that he was wasting his time in expecting to glean any clew at Fairview that would assist him, when an incident occurred that set in motion his most active thoughts and endeavors.

Late one afternoon, as he was spraying some bushes in the garden, he had a first view of a guest expected for several days. This was Dexter Ross, the nephew of old Lane. The moment Strong saw Ross, he recognized him as the driver of the automobile who had so derisively sneered at him from his recklessly speeding machine, the day he had left on his sea voyage.

About 9 o'clock that evening Strong was spending all the money you want, but no tricks, no treachery. Remember," were the hissing words that thrilled the hearing of the eagerly listening wireless operator, "I or other strong emotion. Coolly, almost insolently the nephew said:

resting on a garden seat near the house, half hidden by thick shrubbery, when Lane and his nephew came out on the veranda from the library.

They were conversing in quite excited tones. The old man particularly seemed roused up and angry.

"I simply warn you," he spoke, quite audibly to Strong. "Have your fling as to hold your life in my hands—I have the proofs that will hang you for the murder of old Robert Middleton!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

AN AMAZING WINDFALL.

Ralston Strong strained his most acute sense of hearing to catch the words that fell from the lips of the two speakers on the veranda.

A clew—at last! The young wireless operator felt his heart beat more quickly. He experienced a thrill of decided conviction that at last all his patience and hope were about to be rewarded. Plainly, unmistakably Gideon Lane had accused his nephew of the murder of old Robert Middleton. More than that, he vaunted that he had th proofs of the crime that would send Dexter Ross to the gallows.

There was a breathless pause after the startling statement of the old man. When Ross replied, to the surprise of the eager listener he manifested no fear, excitement

"I thought that was a dead issue between us."

"Let's don't revive it!" stormed Lane.

"I? In what way?"

"Well—that is—don't, that's all. See here, we made a bargain. I have given you unlimited wealth. All I ask of you is loyalty to my interests."

"Have I been disloyal?"

"You are playing with fire. You are never here at Fairview. I hear considerable of your wild, extravagant life in San Francisco."

"Do you object to it?"

"N—no, only I have no reason to trust you. How do I know but what you are working up some scheme against me all the time?"

"Why should I?" demaded Ross. "Do you take me for a fool, to risk the royal pension you pay me?"

"Well, at all events, I have heard in a vague way of your going to a lot of trouble about two girls."

Two girls! Strong trembled. Could the allusion appertain to Ethel and Cecile?

"See here, uncle," spoke Ross in a decided tone, "you are alarming yourself over nothing. I am enjoying life in the city, as you told me to do. Two girls or twenty girls, it is all a part of my social life. Why do you designate that especial fact?"

"Never mind, I do. I want you to understand that I wish you to make no alliances without my consent. The day you get married, you take a partner in your secret. Your secrets and mine, remember, are of too dangerous a character to risk an outsider learning their details."

"I can take care of myself," asserted Ross, "and you need have no fear of my getting into any entanglement distasteful to you."

The conversation terminated there, but for hours afterwards Strong went over its minutest details mentally. He felt that at last he was on the threshold of discoveries concerning the Middleton plot. He was satisfied that the same bore a vital interest for the girl, Cecile. There was only one thing to do—to get closer to the life and secrets of the nephew of old Gideon Lane.

How should he accomplish this? He was practically penniless, without friends or influence, while Ross had power and money behind him.

However, Strong quickly formed a resolution. The next morning Ross left Fairview, and at noon that day Strong went to Lane and told him that some urgent personal business had come up in San Francisco, and he would have to leave his employ.

"Sorry, Bates"—which was the name Strong had assumed—"I like you, and the position is open to you if you wish to return at any time," and Lane paid off Strong very liberally.

The young wireless operator went to San Francisco the next day. Through inquiries about the Lane place he had learned the name of the clubs to which Ross belonged in the city, and he felt that he would have no difficulty in locating him and keeping watch over him.

After two days' investigation along this line, however, Strong felt considerably discouraged. To all appearances Ross was leading the careless life of a gay and profligate butterfly of wealth and fashion. He had expensive apartments at a stylish hotel, he particularly visited one of the most exclusive clubs in the city. Strong realized that the wealth and influence of the man he hedged him in with a certain security that poverty could not penetrate.

"I can do nothing without money," decided Strong, "and I have no money."

He caught sight of Ross many times, but he had no means of following him further than the street. Inquiries evolved no facts that aided his quest and his suspicions. The man led a life among his fellows concerning which Strong could no...

...important particulars, un... mission to the same social circle. Glean any

He had just followed Ross to his ... hotel one evening, and was making his way to his own humble lodging, when some one stepped up behind and gave him a hearty slap on the shoulder and sang out in a friendly tone:

"Well, well, at last! Strong, old fellow, they are looking everywhere for you."

"They, who?" inquired the wireless operator vaguely, as he recognized one of his old telegraph friends.

"All your friends in the service, for about a week. Couldn't locate you."

"What was the urgency?" inquired Strong eagerly, hoping it was some word from his missing sister.

"A cablegram waiting for you. It was sent to the old tower down the coast where you were for a time."

"I have left there."

"Yes, we know that now, but being in the service the San Francisco office sent out word everywhere to find you."

"A cablegram, you say?" questioned Strong.

"Yes, and it was hinted that it was of very great importance. You'll find it at the central office."

"I cannot imagine what it can be about," murmured Strong, "but I'm greatly obliged to you."

"That's all right, Strong. Hope it's some great big luck. You look as if you needed it."

"I have been having a rather hard time of it," confessed Strong.

He went at once to the central office. The night clerk knew him personally, and after a search produced an envelope bearing his address.

Strong stepped to one side and opened the telegram with trembling fingers. Could it be anything concerning Cecile and his sister?

It referred to neither. The enclosure was crisp, concise, business-like.

Dated at London, directed to Strong at the old tower wireless station, it ran:

"Under instructions from our traveling agent, Lapham Clive, from the Typhoon islands, we have cabled to your account, Bank of California, four thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars."

Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of this remarkable story. You will miss a great treat if you do not read it to the end. We will give you constantly the very best stories of entertainment that money will buy, so send in your subscription and take the Ledger regularly, if you are not doing so. You will not regret it.

Swiss Family Wash.

Swiss methods of laundering are original, practical, and labor-saving. The women there have learned well how to make the best use of their opportunities with the least exertion. How they use the tourists, every one who has traveled in the country of the Alps knows. They also know how to make nature do their housework.

Washed or planned in Switzerland, the one of the big watering troughs that stand at regular intervals along the main thoroughfares. Into it goes everything from potatoes to human beings, and the only sanitary regulation existent is that it must be cleaned out with a large broom made of bush or twigs, after the potatoes have had their bath. But when it rains, then everything else gives way to the family wash—no matter if it is Thursday, or Sunday, or Saturday, or Wednesday—for in Switzerland they seek the rainy days for wash days, instead of deploring a cloudy Monday.

The steady downpour provides running water in the village washtub. Into the sweeping current the family linen goes, and there it is whirled and twirled about until every speck of dirt is thoroughly rinsed away. The scrubbing board is not put into commission at all. Occasionally the good housewife, protected under the family umbrella, held over her head by one of her youngsters, who is allowed to enjoy the drips from that same umbrella, takes a look at her wash and encourages it with a gentle poke with her husband's best cane. But the rest of the day she enjoys it in the full in her snug chalet, while the elements do her work. In fact, with her conscience at rest that her day's tasks will be done, she can spend her time gossiping with her neighbor, whose conscience is also at peace.

On the next day the wash goes through a process of bluing and starching—all in that same basin—and finally, when the sun shines, it is laid out on the smooth green grass of the Swiss matten, and is there bleached to a snowy whiteness. If the glaciers and the landslides were to accommodate her by rolling down over her wash and ironing it while it was boiling, the Swiss housewife would not be at all surprised. In fact, it is not to be doubted that she now regards as an oversight the failure of Dame Nature to provide an ironing board.

Commuters.

The commuter is peculiarly a product of modern civilization. He is made, not born. Contrary to the general belief, a commuter is not merely a man who lives in the suburbs, but a man who, living in the suburbs, must use the railroad every day in going to and from the city. Thus automobilists, farmers (gentlemen or otherwise), and local tradesmen are not commuters.

It requires considerable ability and perfect self-control to be a successful commuter. One must be able to sleep serenely until 7:30, get up, dress in dignified leisure, fletcherize his breakfast, chatting pleasantly the while with his family, and then saunter down to the station without the slightest fear that he will get there either ten seconds too early or ten seconds too late for the 8:45 train.

The men one sees wildly running for the train, watch in one hand and a mutton chop in the other, and the men who get to the station five or six minutes too soon were never cut out for commuters. They should move back to the city, for they will never be successful. They are neophytes, tyros, bunglers, failures.

Every college in the country should have its course in commuting, for there could be no better training for a young man who is about to enter business with its many exactions in the way of method and system. —Judge.

It's impossible to defeat an ignorant man in an argument.

PASTOR RUSSELL'S SERMON

The Famous Minister of the Brooklyn Tabernacle Speaks to the People Through the Ledger Each Week.

ISRAEL'S NEW COVENANT SHORTLY TO BE INAUGURATED.

PASTOR RUSSELL

Pastor Russell spoke in Brooklyn's largest Auditorium, the Academy of Music, recently to a crowded house. His text was:—"The God whom ye seek shall suddenly come to his Temple, even the Messenger of the Covenant, whom ye delight in; Behold, he shall come, saith Jehovah of Hosts. But who may abide the day of his coming?"—Mal. 3:1-5.

Said Pastor Russell:—Six thousand years ago in Eden our Maker, when justly sentencing his disobedient children to death, intimated that ultimately the Seed of the woman would bruise the serpent's head. This mysterious promise was the first intimation of the divine mercy which our gracious Creator had purposed in himself from before the foundation of the world. Ever noble, kind and gracious, our Creator restrained his mercy for the good of his creatures—that we might learn to appreciate the exceeding sinfulness of sin. For the good of the angels also, as well as of his Wisdom and his Power, God insisted upon dealing with his creatures from the standpoint of exact justice. They had sinned and had thereby forfeited all claim upon the eternal life given them conditionally. Eternal torment, as we have already seen, did not, in any sense or degree, enter into the Divine intention. His sentence upon man, plainly stated, was "Dying thou shalt die," not, Living thou shalt live in torment. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." God intended to exemplify in his dealings with our race a principle of Divine government to be made operative everywhere, and ultimately amongst all his creatures on the spirit plane, as well as upon the earthly.

God's message through Enoch was the first mention made in the Bible of the great Messenger of the Covenant, Messiah, although at that time the Covenant had not been made. Enoch declared, "Behold the Lord cometh with myriads of his holy ones to execute justice in the earth"—to grant mankind another trial, another opportunity for everlasting life, and thus intimated the ultimate accomplishment of the message [illegible] Adam and his race.

Next Abraham was the recipient of a special promise which further revealed that the great Messenger of the Covenant who would bless the world would be of Abrahamic stock. Later, 430 years after the Abrahamic Covenant of general blessing, God entered into a special Covenant with the nation of Israel, to the effect that if they kept his Law, the Abrahamic blessing would be fulfilled through them—they would be God's agency for or channel for the blessing of mankind. For centuries they endeavored to fulfil the requirements of their Law; but, since that Law represents the full measure of perfect humanity, the Israelites were unable to meet its requirements. Hence, so far from blessing all nations, they were unable even to maintain themselves in a blessed state.

When Israel came to realize the hopelessness of their ever keeping the Law and thus proving their worthiness of eternal life and their preparedness to be God's channel of blessing to others, they were naturally discouraged. Later, God, through the prophets informed them that their Law Covenant was merely a forerunner and type of a better Covenant which he would effect for them in his own due time. Their new Covenant would have a better Mediator than Moses—a more capable one. This message was sent through Moses himself, who declared to the fathers, "A Prophet shall the Lord your God raise up from amongst your brethren like unto me (I am his type, but he will be much greater); and it shall come to pass that whoever will not obey that Prophet shall be destroyed from amongst the people" (Acts 3:23).

If a New Covenant was to take the place of the old one and a New Mediator was to take the place of the old mediator, there would of necessity be a better Priest to take the place of the Aaronic priest, and "better sacrifices" to take the place of those of the Law Covenant. These things were intimated here a little and there a little, throughout the prophecies. Gradually Israel began to look for and to long for the promised Messiah, the Messenger and Mediator of their promised New Covenant. He must be great Indeed if he would be greater than Moses. He must be wise, if Solomon was but his type. What kind of "better sacrifices" than those of bulls and goats he would offer they were perplexed to know; but in Melchisedec they had a fore-figure of how the great Messiah would be, not only the antitypical Prophet, but the antitypical Priest and antitypical King, all in one person; for their blessing would center in Messiah.

Finally came the time mentioned in our text, when the Lord declared that this great kingly, priestly antitype of Moses would shortly appear. He is styled the Messenger of the Covenant—the New Covenant; the One of whom they had been delighting to hear. Nevertheless, with the blessings he would bring to the world through Israel, there would be testings of faith, obedience, character. The Messenger of the Covenant would suddenly come to the Temple.

This is the testimony of the last of the prophets, Malachi. Nevertheless, several centuries elapsed, with no manifestation of Messiah's glorious Kingdom and Israel's New Covenant. Had God forgotten his promises to Israel?

Then in Israel's history there came in a parenthesis, as it were. As a nation they were cast off from Divine favor for a length of time equal to that in which they had enjoyed God's favor. Now, that duplication or double of experience has been fulfilled, as was predicted by the Prophets Jeremiah 16:18; Zechariah, 9:12; Isaiah 40:1,2. The double has passed and the time for the Mediator to inaugurate Israel's New Covenant has arrived.

Shortly the great Messiah will be revealed to the eyes of understanding of an expectant world, but will be invisible to the natural sight. His Kingdom will be everywhere, in full exercise of heavenly powers, yet men will not be able to say, Lo, here, or Lo, there. The nearest approach to the glorious invisible Kingdom will be through the earthly representatives of the New Dispensation—Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. The New Covenant will be inaugurated with Israel, under these princes of the past; and they, under Divine direction and backed by Divine power, will establish a Kingdom of righteousness in the world. The joy of the Lord will come to every obedient Israelite, and all mankind will then seek to become Israelites and to come under the New Covenant relations.

Read Pastor Russell's sermon in next week's Ledger.

Man Need Not Scoff.

No, brother, men have not always been so indifferent to dress as they are today. Their raiment, as compared with the dark-foolishness of women hasn't always been above reproach.

Consider, if you will, the days when our respected forefathers would draw on their lavender-colored pants with a shoe horn, using a little slippery powder, maybe, to help things along, until people looked at their feet and wondered if the pants hadn't been sewed up after the feet got through.

Consider their tight boots—made so tight that they caused the most excruciating agony. And remember that the dandies of that day would carefully polish these burning, blazing, pinching, agonizing boots and then step carefully with the toes in a mud puddle so that the mud drying on the lower part would make the feet seem small. O, yes, they did it. And of course you know that a bootjack wasn't used merely because the boots might soil the hands, but because nobody had invented a stumppuller in those days and applied it to the removal of tight boots.

And remember the bell-crowned hats, and the cutaways and pinecracks they hung on their watch fobs. And the fancy waists [illegible] Also, recall [illegible] further back. Consider what historical drawings give us of information as to ancient dress—the knee pantaloons, the preposterous rosettes—the brilliant buckles on the shoes—the dreamy-colored cloaks with mauve satin linings. And the white silk stockings that the exquisite dandy would show through. Think of the bepowdered and becurled wigs when you rave at rats on women's heads and repent of your scoffing words.

Face powder! Perfumes and scents! Sure they had them. Patches on their complexion—yes, and rouge. They sure were pretty men those days.

And going back to the Indian—think of his war paint, of his gaudy blanket, his stained arrows, his painted pony, his bear-oiled hair and his colored feathers.

But what's the use? He's not so pretty now. Only he really hadn't oughter scoff so much at hobble skirts and peach-basket hats and Chinese hair switches and things. He really hadn't oughter.

How the Japanese Work.

Nearly every village in Japan is the seat of some special, characteristic industry, each carried on in an individual way by separate families in their simple and narrow homes, and each family and each member working in some little touch of individuality.

In one village I saw an ordinary little boy sitting in a doorway, not whittling a stick, as he might have been doing with us, but embroidering chrysanthemums on a great square of satin. True, the outlines were stamped on the fabric, stretched in its frame before him, but without supervision or model he was filling them in according to his own sweet will, all in exquisitely shaded goods and browns and pinks. As I stood and stared he laughed at me. He looked perfectly happy. I went away thinking:

In a country of unheard-of things, where children contentedly work at polishing lacquer, where little boys can embroider party frocks, where a workman gratuitously adds beautifying touches to the task he accomplishes, is it not a mistake that, instead of trying to catch the spirit of such toilers as these, we should do much to spoil it?

Left to themselves, these workers are so patient, they have so much time. I saw in a furniture factory, near the door, a lad sitting with fine emery cloth, industriously smoothing the corner of a box or coffer. Duly stamped on the back of his coat was the sea-horse, which is the trade-symbol of workers in wood. When I came back that way, half an hour later, he was still carefully at work on the same corner of the coffer. I did not wonder if it was as near perfection as the hand of man could make it.

Every town has its peculiar industry. It may be famous only for a tuppenny coarse straw work; for a peculiar sort of wood inlay; for a queer little ornamental owl, dangling from a stick and made of the thistles that grow by the wayside; for a white enamel work done with powdered eggshells. But whatever it is it is well done.

Surprise All Around.

"We have the surprise beautifully planned," said young Mrs. Westerleigh to the guests, "and Frank doesn't suspect a thing. I think that he has even forgotten that today's his birthday. He will get home from the office at about 7 o'clock. Then he always goes upstairs to take off his coat and put on his smoking jacket for the evening. When he is upstairs I will call out suddenly, 'O, Frank, come, downstairs, quick! The gas is escaping.' Then he will rush down here, unsuspecting, to find the crowd of friends waiting for him."

It went off exactly as planned. Westerleigh came home at the regular hour and went directly upstairs. The guests held [illegible] called out excitedly, "O, Frank, come down, quick. The gas is escaping in the parlor."

Every light had been turned out, and the parlor was in perfect darkness. There was a rapid rush of feet down the stairway, then a voice said, "I don't smell any gas."

"Better fight the jet," Mrs. Westerleigh suggested tremulously. "Here's a match."

There was a splutter, and suddenly the room was flooded with light. Everybody screamed. The hostess fainted.

For there, in the center of the room, stood Westerleigh, attired only in a natty union suit, with a fresh pair of trousers carried over his arm.

Birthday parties still form a forbidden subject of conversation at the Westerleighs'.

Woman's Love of Dress.

The real defense for women in their growing love of dress seems to us to be this, that dress is a reaction, one of those natural recreations which grow out of necessity and out of everlasting emotions.

It is nothing against a recreation that the frivolous rich suffer from over-indulgence in it, or the frivolous poor from that craving for it which has its roots in privation.

The love of dress among women—especially, we think, in its modern manifestation, which emphasizes variety—makes, we believe, for social balance.

The disappearance of all remnant of class costume is a great reform. The open worship of tradition is a deadening thing. At the same time, by cultivating their instinct for the pretty and the useless, women build unconsciously a great rampart of admiration against the devastating spirits of envy and utilitarianism.

Dress is a recreation shared by a whole sex—a strong bond of sympathy, and at the same time one of the forces which render the little ebullition of unnatural feeling which we have dignified by the name of sex-hatred wholly ridiculous.

For if we go to the root of the matter the reason women love to wear a variety of fine clothes is because men love to see them wearing them, and the reason men tend more and more to a uniform is because women in their hearts care less than men do for their appearance, are less influenced by them and have a quicker appreciation of those charms over which fashion and finery have no effect.

Great Men and Cats.

If cats did not happen to save Rome, at least tradition says that a black cat led a Germany army in a victorious night attack on an enemy's camp. Napoleon fainted at the sight of a cat, but there is no evidence that any opposing general ever took advantage of this weakness on a critical moment of battle. Wellington had a fondness for the tribe, and a letter of a man who trembling entered the austere presence relates that he found the old warrior standing before the fire, a big gray cat rubbing her sleek sides against his shins and purring contentedly. Mohammed, it is recorded, on one occasion cut off the skirt of his robe so that he might rise without disturbing a sleeping cat. Cardinal Wolsey gave audience with a cat seated beside him, and Cardinal Richelieu always kept a number of kittens in his cabinet to amuse him with their pranks.

All men who want the earth are not brick manufacturers.

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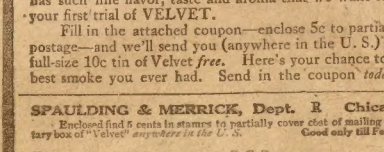

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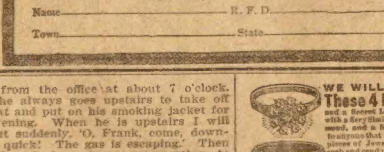

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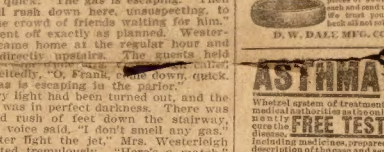

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Costs Little, but Does the Work Quickly, or Money Refunded.

Mix one pint of granulated sugar with ½ pint of warm water and stir for 2 minutes. Put 2½ ounces of Pinex (fifty cents' worth) in a pint bottle; then add the Sugar Syrup. Take a teaspoonful every one, two or three hours.

You will find that this simple remedy takes hold of a cough more quickly than anything else you ever used. Usually ends a deep-seated cough inside of 24 hours. Splendid, too, for whooping cough, chest pains, bronchitis and other throat troubles. It stimulates the appetite and is slightly laxative, which helps end a cough.

This recipe makes more and better cough syrup than you could buy ready-made for $2.50. It keeps perfectly and tastes pleasant.

Pinex is the most valuable concentrated compound of Norway white pine extract, and is rich in guiaicol and all the natural pine elements which are so healing to the membranes. Other preparations will not work in this formula.

This plan of making cough syrup with Pinex and Sugar Syrup (or strained honey) has proven so popular throughout the United States and Canada, that it is often imitated. But the old, successful formula has never been equalled.

A guarantee of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this recipe. Your druggist has Pinex or will get it for you. If not send to The Pinex Co., 200 Main St., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

THEN AND NOW.

He wooed beneath the summer moon
A summer maiden shy,
And when they'd part each night in June—
He said: "Bye-bye, my love, bye-bye!"

The short weeks sped. They're wedded now,
And he, poor man, must sigh,
For every shoe they pass, I vow,
She says: "Buy! Buy! My love, buy, buy!"

An Unmistakable Hint.

"Young Staylate got a delicate hint from the young lady he was calling on the other evening."

"What was it?"

"She found looking at the clock and other familiar devices useless, so she ordered some refreshments and her mother sent in a plate of breakfast food."

A Mental Relief.

"Your husband seems less careworn than formerly."

"Yes; now that the baseball season is over he hasn't got anything but his business to worry him."

ZDS.

Each night on an upright she ihs,
Making strange and cacophonous sds;
Her muscles gain ozs
As wildly she pozs,
Till the cop hies him thence on his rds.

True Economy.

"How is this," we ask of our friend, who we observe is carrying a lunch basket to the office with him. "The higher cost of living make you stop buying your lunches at the restaurant?"

"Not that exactly," he says, with unusual frankness. "I do this in order to save the expense of tipping the waiters."—Judge.

SUPERHEATED THRIFT.

Mrs. Ayers—She's the most economical woman I ever saw.

Mrs. Bayers—How so?

Mrs. Ayers—When she first moved she spent a week looking for the bakery that put the smallest holes in their doughnuts.

His Specialty.

"This is a pretty bad report card," said the father of the young hopeful as he looked over the teacher's figures. "You seem to be 'poor' in pretty much everything."

"That's 'cause teacher only puts down th' studies I ain't good in. I ought to have 'excellent' in one thing."

"And what's that?" hopefully inquired the father.

"Fightin'. I can lick any boy in th' class."

Plenty of Wind.

"What did you say you was looking for, mister?"

"Local atmosphere."

"You hit the right place. We're right in the heart of the cyclone belt."

Is This True, Gir's?

Madge—I haven't much faith in a girl who is always fishing for compliments, have you?

Tom—No; like all anglers she is sure to lie about what she caught.

Had No Chance.

"But, protested the aged suitor, "do you not think you could learn to love me in time?"

"In a long time, perhaps," replied the fair maid. "But your time will be entirely too short."

Two Truisms.

"A woman may use a lorgnette and yet not be haughty."

"Yes, and a man may smoke cigarettes and yet be able to earn a living."

She Knew 'Em.

Mrs. Newwed—My husband has grown economical with his kisses.

Mrs. Oldwed—Don't kick until he grows economical with his money.

AWFUL!

She (at the shoe store)—Oh, uncle! How awful!

He—What on earth's the matter?

She—One of my stockings has a hole in it, and I can't remember which!

Morning After.

"Dearest," says the bonny bride, "I just can't get a bit of heat from that gas range, and the kitchen is full of the most disagreeable smell."

The gentle bridegroom goes to the kitchen, shuts off the gas, opens the doors and windows and after a while explains slowly and patiently:

"You know, darling, the gas has to be lighted before it will produce heat."—Judge.

WOULD DO HIS BEST.

A small boy whose surname was Blye,
When asked if he could eat pye,
Just nodded his head
As he artlessly said:
"Bring out all you've got—I'll trye."

Perplexed.

Mother (at lunch)—Yes, darling, these little sardines are sometimes eaten by the larger fish.

Mabel (aged 5)—But, mamma, how do they get the cans open?

The Only Kind.

Ella—Did you get a plain view of Miss Luglie?

Emma—Certainly; that was the only kind I could get.

Careful Mother.

Lodger—But your little girl is reading the lodgers' letters.

Landlady—Oh, that's all right. I don't let her see any that will hurt her.

Liked Music.

Chief Marshal—Lookee here! You said this horse liked music. The very moment the band began to play he sprang ten feet into the air and has acted like a cyclone ever since.

Liveryman—Yes, sir. He's tryin' to dance.

Evidence of Inebriety.

Nell—I'm afraid Mr. Guzzler had too much drink at the dinner last night.

Belle—What makes you think so?

Nell—When the charlotte russe was served he tried to blow the froth off.

Unkind.

Hiram—Say, Katie, did yer see when I wuz holdin' yer hand, the funny look yer ma gave me?

Mrs. Hiram—Go on! Ma didn't give it to yer; you always had it.

Uiterior Motives.

"See, here," said the kind lady, "I gave you a piece of pie two weeks ago and you have been sending one or more of your friends here every day since."

"Pouse do me a injustice, ma'am," replied the husky hobo. "Dem guys wot I sent wuz me enemies."

OR. BLIND.

Matrimonial Agent—I'm sorry, but I'm afraid it will be difficult to find a husband for you, madam!

Caller—Yes, but haven't you some customer who is, say, near sighted?

FREE ASTHMA CURE.

D. J. Lane, a chemist at 115 Lane Building, St. Mary's, Kansas, manufactures a remedy for Asthma in which he has so much confidence that he sends a $1 bottle by express to anyone who will write for it. His offer is that he is to be paid for it if it cures, and the one taking the treatment is to be the judge.

Practical Husband.

Mrs. B.—I know my husband truly loves me.

Mrs. W.—All young wives think that. I suppose it is because he swears he would die for you, doesn't he?

Mrs. B.—No; he brings up the coal.

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

A la Asphalt.

Young Wife—I made the frosting on this cake, myself.

Hubby—Then our fortune is made! I'm going to have it patented. It will revolutionize street pavements.

GOT IT

Got Something Else, Too.

"I liked my coffee and I drank it strong," says a Pennsylvania woman, telling a good story, "and although I had headaches nearly every day I just would not believe there was any connection between the two. I had weak and heavy spells and palpitation of the heart, too, and although husband told me he thought it was coffee that made me so poorly, and did not drink it himself, for he said it did not agree with him, yet I loved my coffee and thought I just couldn't do without it.

"One day a friend called at my home—that was a year ago. I spoke about how well she was looking and she said:

"'Yes, and I feel well, too. It's because I am drinking Postum in place of ordinary coffee.'

"I said, what is Postum?

"Then she told me how it was a food-drink and how much better she felt since using it in place of coffee or tea. So I sent to the store and bought a package and when it was made according to directions it was so good I have never bought a pound of coffee since. I began to improve immediately.

"I cannot begin to tell you how much better I feel since using Postum and leaving coffee alone. My health is better than it has been for years and I cannot say enough in praise of this delicious food drink."

Take away the destroyer and put a rebuilder to work and Nature will do the rest. That's what you do when Postum takes coffee's place in your diet. "There's a Reason."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Another Fault Found.

Mr. Recentmarrie—You threw good many egg shells in it.

Mrs. Recentmarrie—I'm sorry, John, but I urged only three shells, the number the recipe calls for.

Mr. Recentmarrie—The number the recipe calls for?

Mrs. Recentmarrie—Yes, John, the recipe says to use the "whites of three eggs."

Very High.

She—Do you think the food in this restaurant is healthful?

He (absently)—Yes; but the prices are sickening.

His Gambling Instinct.

Bedler—How did Bival lose his money?

Stulen—He was addicted to an extravagant form of gambling. He persisted in ordering a dozen oysters for every meal.

Bedler—I don't see how ordering oysters was gambling.

Stulen—He ordered them hoping he might find pearls.

Headwear.

"Your crown is in jeopardy," said the prime minister.

"I know it," replied the petty King. "People nowadays don't seem to have any more respect for a crown than than have for a last year's straw hat."

Puzzling.

Visitor—Dees langwadge of yours ees vera queer.

The American—How?

Visitor—I say to my friend Giuseppe, "You are getting on well?" An' he say, "Yes, I am well off now."

Alarm Enough.

Church—Do you have an alarm clock to wake you up in the morning?

Gotham—No, I don't need one. The fellow across the street goes out every morning early with his motorcycle.

The Test.

Mrs. Lamlie—I think you do Mrs. Goler an injustice when you say she's unwomanly.

Mrs. Daubster—You do? Then you have never seen her at a bargain sale—she doesn't get a bit excited.

Somewhat Different.

Blox—Biggs is a great man, isn't he?

Knox—He is—in his own estimation.

Blox—What is he in your estimation?

Knox—He's what I would calk a bird's-eye view of a man.

Good Sign.

"They do quarrel about trifles, but I'm not so sure that that is a bad sign."

"It isn't?"

"Well, it may indicate that they have nothing else to quarrel about."

An Angry Threat.

Casey—Next time Oi pass wid a lady, Mulligan, ye'll take off yer hat.

Mulligan—An' suppose Oi refuse?

Casey—Then, be hivens, ye'll take aff yer coat!

A Waiter's Suggestion.

Diner—Waiter, this knife is blunt and the steak is like leather.

Waiter—Yessir; do nicely for stropping the knife on, sir.

OPPORTUNITIES FOR TRAVEL.

She—If we were only as lucky as the Sternfells!

He—What especial luck have they had?

She—Her husband has been bitten by a mad dog, and now she can go with him to the Pasteur Institute in Paris!

Accounted For.

"Miss DePayne seems to have been a successful student," remarked young Hawley. "I understand she graduated at the head of her class."

"Oh, yes," disdainfully rejoined the pretty girl, who had held down the pedal extremity of the same class. "But of course she had little to distract her attention from her studies."

He Had Reason.

In illustrating a point he wished to make at a political gathering in the West, a noted politician told of an epitaph which an Indiana man had caused to be inscribed upon the monument of his wife, who had died after a somewhat tempestuous married life. This legend read:

"Here lies a wife. Tears cannot bring her back. Therefore her husband weeps."

NOT FIT.

Physician—And you would like to be a doctor, Jack?

Mother (while Jack is still hesitating)—No, no! The dear boy couldn't kill a fly!

Alternative.

Sillicus—What do you consider the proper time for a man to marry?

Cynicus—Oh, I suppose when he has nothing else to worry him.

Force of Habit.

"What made De Chauff fall from his aeroplane?"

"His blamed absent-mindedness. When he was about 200 feet high the motor stopped and he crawled under the aeroplane with a monkey wrench."

Another Adage Spoiled.

"He laughs best who laughs last," marked the man with the proverb habit.

"Don't you believe it," rejoined the contrary person. "The man who tells the story laughs best and he invariably laughs first."

Circumstances Alter Cases.

The One—But I thought you said your umbrella had a straight handle?

The Other—I thought it had; but since its mysterious disappearance I'm convinced it ended with a crook.

In for It.

"There is a belief that summer girls are always fickle."

"Yes; I got engaged on that theory, but it looks as if I'm in for a wedding or a breach of promise suit."

What He Had Preached.

Blox—I saw by the paper that Dimsdale died yesterday.

Knox—So did I, and I hope he's satisfied now, you know, he was always preaching "Back to the Land."

The Unusual.

"It is the unexpected that happens," remarked the moralizer.

"That's right," rejoined the demoralizer. "I once knew it to rain after the weather bureau had predicted it."

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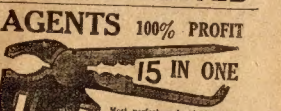

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Boy's and Girl's Corner

NAB FLYNN'S GRIT;

Or, The Prisoner of Deadfall Inn

By J. M. MERRILL,

Author of "The Storm Child," etc.

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Begun in No. 51, Dec. 17. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XIV.

ON THE BRINK.

THE two boys stood in a sort of awe, watching the dying fire.

Down the hillside embers had rolled, some even dropping into the brook, sending forth hot hisses of steam.

"Your widow's house has gone up in smoke," said Percy at length.

"Oh, dear!" groaned Nab, "I hope it's no worse than that."

"That is bad enough."

"Sure; but she may have been burned up in the house."

"That's not likely."

The two boys waited until the ruins blackened into heaps of smoking ashes ere they made a thorough investigation.

"My goodness, what's this?"

The ejaculation came from Nab, who had unearthed a lot of charred bones with the stick he was using.

"Beef bones, I reckon," said his companion.

The boys continued to poke about until they unearthed the upper part of a human skeleton, including the grinning skull.

Nab Flynn dropped his stick and staggered away from the spot.

"It's Mrs. Loveland, Percy!" he gasped. "All that's left of the dear, good woman. Oh, Percy, what shall I do now? She was like a mother to me."

The New York waif was actually shedding tears. His companion cheered him with reassuring words.

"Don't go daft over a thing like this," he said. "Why, I venture to say this skeleton is not the woman's at all. Certainly she could easily have escaped from a small house like this. There was only one story above ground."

"That is true, and it may be she got away; but this skeleton——"

"Is only a doctor's specimen," and the older boy laughed heartily.

The Gotham boy's cheerfulness was infectious. Nab laughed in unison. A swift seriousness, however, shot quickly across his face.

"That paper," he said, "may have gone up in smoke even though the widow got away. We must find her, Percy."

"Yes, but hadn't we better return to the inn for the night?"

"Not me, Percy. I couldn't rest without finding out for certain what has befallen Mrs. Loveland."

"A good heart you have, Nab, old chap."

"You can, of course, return——"

"Not unless you go along, too."

"But you forget that I no longer belong to Deadfall Inn."

"As my guest you shall be welcome there, Nabby."

"I force my company on nobody."

"No, but you would be my invited guest, not old Bob's."

"All right."

"Good. Come along then."

"Not now, Percy! I must search the woods for Mrs. Loveland. If she is alive I will know it in short order."

"In which case I shall keep you company," assured the elder boy.

Fastidious Percy St. George was proving to be a loyal and true friend, one whom Nab, the New York drifta bout, felt he could trust. Strangely thrown together, one a scion of a wealthy family, the other a bit of scum from the city's under world, it is little wonder that they loved each other.

In company the two lads searched the vicinity, but did they give over the search till almost morning. Tired at last, and quite disheartened, the two boy friends turned up at last in a small village at the mouth of the creek. Here they sought a room and a few hours' rest.

The next morning they partook of a square meal and soon after went forth to see what could be done to clear up all the mysteries of Satan's Run, and the old Colonial tower tavern near its head waters.

No one seemed to know aught of Mrs. Loveland and her fate.

It was a thankless task, and Nab was almost ready to give over the detective work he had planned and go back to the slums of old New York once more. Perhaps this would have been the outcome had it not been for the unexpected and determined stand taken by his friend Percy St. George.

Seated upon a rock at the roadside the two boys discussed the situation in all its bearings.

"No," said Percy, when Nab suggested giving up the work and returning to the city, "I shall agree to nothing of the kind. You got me into this scrape, Nab Flynn, and I shall not quit the game until the last card is played. I am interested in the game you call Iva May. She is surely in the power of as black a scoundrel as ever disgraced a given name. Stand with me, Nab, and who rules in Deadfall Inn."

"Bully for you, Percy!" exclaimed Nab, his face illumined, his deep gray eyes flashing through unshed tears. "I was a coward; you have made me brave. Yes, I'm with you to the end, old chum."

The speaker grasped his companion's hand and nearly crushed it.

"All right, Nabby," and Percy laughed his cheering, hearty laugh that was so good to hear. "We will take another turn now and call in the authorities, that's what we'll do."

To this, Nab first objected. He had planned to learn enough about this monster of Deadfall Inn to make sure of his punishment before turning him over for the authorities to deal with.

"I'm afraid to do that," said he after a moment's reflection.

"And why so, Nab?"

"We haven't proof enough to corner the scamp."

"But the regular officials can find the proof."

"I don't see how."

"You are skeptical," frowned Percy. "What shall we do then?"

"Do as we talked it along, first find Iva, then turn to the officers of the law."

After considerable discussion Nab gave in to his elder and perhaps wiser companion.

While Percy went to Slabtown to interest the officials in the deal Nab hung about the woods, seeking to learn all possible about the disappearance of Mrs. Loveland and the cause of the fire which had either destroyed her life or sent her adrift among strangers.

Our boy hero had some very strenuous moments while alone in the big Pennsylvania woods. He imagined all sorts of things, among them that the destruction of the poor widow's mountain cabin had been caused by the villainous innkeeper.

Plainly, the Mogul of the mountain had learned of the whereabouts of his girl captive's mother, and had either himself, or by the hand of a tool, destroyed her. Nab remembered how near he had come to an "accidental" death at the hands of Seguin. Was it not easy to imagine that this same mercenary tool of the innkeeper had stolen upon Mrs. Loveland, robbed and bound her, set fire to the cottage and left the poor woman to perish in the flames?

Nobody would be the wiser for this summary disposal of one dangerous to the interests of the innkeeper. The house burned accidentally, of course, its owner perishing in the fire. Simple and safe enough to be sure.

Our boy hero had thus figured it out when Percy returned from town with an officer armed with a search warrant.

It was with many misgivings that Nab Flynn accompanied Percy and Officer Talmond to Deadfall Inn. The hour was mid-afternoon, when most of the guests were lounging in the shade of the trees, or were down the gulch fishing in the rippling creek. No one seemed to notice the officer and his two boy companions as they drove up to a side entrance.

"No use making a holy show of this," explained the officer. "You find the proprietor and send him to me, young man." This to Percy.

Percy met Bobdown coming out of his "den" under the tower. He made known his errand at once.

"A gentleman from Slabtown to see me, eh?" he said with a smile. "Another chap looking for rooms, no doubt."

"That is the case, or something fully as important," assented Percy.

The innkeeper walked where Mr. Talmond was standing beside the vehicle from which he had stepped from the seat. A slight flush overspread his face. He seemed on the point of an outbreak, but suddenly suppressed himself.

"You wished to see me, sir?" said the innkeeper, turning to Talmond.

"Yes," assented the officer, producing his warrant.

"The devil you say!" exclaimed the innkeeper when the man had finished reading the search warrant.

"And his majesty to pay, no doubt," responded the officer with a laugh.

"This is your work, Percy, yours and that little scamp of a Nab Flynn. Officer, this is simply ridiculous, insulting, in fact," roared the innkeeper.

"Pardon, sir, but you are the one who is insulting. I am simply doing my duty," warned the official. "Will you show me the house?"

"Why, of course," and a boisterous laugh followed. "A real comedy to be sure. As if I could have anything stolen on my premises."

"He that protests too much you know," quoted the officer with a knowing grin.

"Oh, well, this is a bit of boy play. Of what am I accused?"

The big innkeeper pursed out his stomach, across which he folded his arms, and stood sneering into the faces of his accusers.

"Of secreting a child named Iva May Loveland, only daughter of the late Maurice Loveland of Yonkers."

"Oh!" gasped the innkeeper with dropped jaw.

And Nab, who was eyeing the man keenly, was sure he saw an uneasy look steal into the flaming eyes of the landlord. Perhaps Percy had done the right thing and they were to trap the scoundrel after all.

A man suddenly appeared around an angle of the wall and bent a sharp gaze upon the little group. His eyes saw the paper in the hand of Officer Talmond; he seemed to comprehend that something was wrong. After a quick exchange of glances with his employer the man disappeared.

"Shall I go in by force?" queried the officer, "or——"

"Not at all," broke forth the innkeeper, smiling blandly. "Pshaw, this is truly farcical, yet I will humor you with anything reasonable. Come on, I will lead you to every room in the house."

Officer and landlord turned to enter the tavern.

CHAPTER XV.

SEARCHING THE TOWER.

And search they did from top to bottom of the old inn tavern.

As they were departing, the landlord and officer, Nab managed to whisper to his friend Percy:

"Keep an eye out for anything suspicious, and see that you look into every room. I'd go 'long only I know the old man 'ud——"

With his key chunk warm, Nab in his ears Percy St. George was determined that no false notes should be played to the tune of the searchers. He had his eyes about him on every side.

Jasper Bobdown was unusually bland and smiling, going into one room after another, greeting the housemaids with a cheery: "It's all right, Mary, just looking after the rooms to see what new fixings we may need."

Although Percy did his best to watch for anything unusual he met with disappointment at every turn.

"Are you satisfied?" asked the proprietor as seemingly the last room had been gone through.

"Yes, I think so," answered Mr. Tolmond. "No, no, not quite," declared Percy, plucking at the sleeve of the officer. "We haven't yet been in the tower."

"Ah, that's so; I forgot that."

"It is just as well," said Bobdown quickly. "There's only a mess of rubbish in the tower; the rooms haven't been used in a dog's age."

"Well, maybe it won't pay——"

"Yes, it will," broke in Percy, his acute ear catching a harrassed sound in the voice of the innkeeper. "We will go through the tower, Mr. Bob. I've long wanted to peer into its mysteries."

The landlord coughed and affected to laugh.

"I hardly think it proper to tramp up a lot of unsafe stairways merely to gratify the curiosity of a boy."

"Nevertheless I will look into the tower," muttered Tolmond.

"Very good."

Again the landlord moved to obey. He led them into small, unlighted rooms, up numerous narrow stairways, pausing now and then to raise a shade that the outer light might flood the room.

This search was no less unsatisfactory than the first.

Percy stood leaning on the heavy stone sill of an upper window, a deep chagrin filling his soul. And yet what more could he have expected? It was scarcely likely that the innkeeper would have let his visitors into any real secrets, if indeed such there were.

"This," said Bobdown, "is the last room in the house. I trust you are satisfied, Mr. Tolmond?"

A sneer curled the lip of the speaker.

"Certainly, sir," assured the official. "I trust you will understand that I had only my duty to perform in this matter. I very much regret that it had to be done."

"Had to be done?"

"Why, yes, this young gentleman swore out a warrant."

"I understand. Some people are meddlesome."

Percy, flushing with annoyance and anger, was on the point of giving utterance to a harsh speech when his attention was arrested by a distant, moaning cry.

The landlord scraped his feet and coughed uneasily.

"We had best be moving out of this," he said.

"I am ready," assented Tolmond.

"One moment," protested Percy. "Listen. Did you hear it?"

The sound was again repeated, fainter farther away seemingly than the first time.

"Cats!" sneered Bobdown.

"Not much," cried the tall New Yorker. "Jasper Bob, there's another room in this tower. I demand that you show up, and at once."

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The boy flung [illegible] clinched hand and with a keen, defiant [illegible] faced the [illegible] eye.

"[illegible]," sneered the landlord.

"You refuse to do the right thing," sharply cried Percy. "Mr. Bobdown, let me tell you that the best thing you can do is to open up your prison and set free the little girl you are holding in durance against her will, and in defiance of the laws of the sovereign commonwealth of Pennsylvania."

"Hear him," jeered the innkeeper. "Come, officer, you have heard quite enough of this fellow's impudence."

"I think," said Tolmond, "you are somewhat hasty, Mr. St. George. If there are other rooms no doubt the gentleman will open them to us."

"You have my word that there are no others."

"Then I shall go——"

"But that sound—it was a child's cry of distress," protested Percy, who was determined to hang on till everything possible was done.

"Cats I told you," jeered the innkeeper.

"I heard the sound," admitted the officer, "but should not dare to pronounce as to its origin."

The innkeeper scowled in the face of his boy guest.

This was to be the end then. Percy was quite beside himself with anger and disgust.

"And will you give it up like this?" he asked as Officer Tolmond turned to follow the haughty landlord from the room.

"I have done my duty," was the only reply.

The two men passed out, closing the door behind them with a bang.

Percy still stood in a hesitating attitude. He was satisfied that what he had heard was the wail of a child, and it gave him a pain to see how easily the official from Slabtown gave over his search.

"Old Bob has got the better of us again," muttered Percy, going to the single narrow window and peering down into a sort of court below. "He imagines this will be the last of his troubles, but in that he is mightily mistaken. I am with brave Nab Flynn to the end. Too bad the widow was burned up in her cottage. That paper she held was really necessary I fear to the dumfounding of this precious scoundrel of an innkeeper."

The boy noticed for the first time how narrow the window was, also that strong iron bars crossed it in either direction.

"Really this is a prison room," he muttered.

He looked about the place more carefully than he had at first done.

Presently he bent low to the floor and snatched something into the clinch of his slender fingers—a small kid glove.

Nab Flynn had shown him the mate to this soon after his escape from the clutches of the brigand landlord.

Percy went to the window and examined the glove with keen, boyish curiosity. It was a slender affair fitted for the hand of a [illegible]," he ejaculated. "She has been imprisoned in this very room. How strange. And to think of the blindness of that official. It is as Nab said, unprofitable to employ a public officer when one has a highup plug like old Bobdown to investigate. So many of the men who wear the garb of the constabulary fear to offend the big fellows one might better trust to private work to get what he wants."

The glove was somewhat worn, yet of the very best material.

"I thought Iva May was a kiddy of six or seven years," finally mused the New York boy. "This glove might fit a miss of fifteen. Good gracious! if this girl is almost a young lady it is so much the worse for old Bob to keep her imprisoned. I'll hunt all the harder now. Percy St. George, it's up to you to find this girl and restore her to her parents—no, not to them. She has none; but to her friends. I'll keep up the search until victory crowns my efforts or die trying."

Elated at his find Percy continued his examination of the round room in the tower. He soon found other articles that aroused him to a high pitch of excitement. A small morocco book which contained many entries in a delicate feminine hand.

This last find was something worth while. Percy opened it and read the very latest notes on the situation.

"I have been here so long. Dear, dear, am I never to see dear mamma again, or the bright world? I can hear the birds, and sometimes hear voices, but that wicked man said if I made any sound he would kill me. What is it all for? I don't understand. Surely I never harmed anybody."

"Surely you never did," agreed Percy, thrusting his find into the breast of his coat. "I'll go down and face old Bob with this. I reckon even Tolmond will do something when I present these evidences of Bobdown's villainy."

The boy sprang to the door and attempted to fling it open. He was surprised and chagrined to find that the door refused to move—it was securely locked from the outer side.

"Confound that man's carelessness," growled Percy. "Hellow there, old duffer, come up here and open this door before I kick it off the hinges."

Did he but know it his voice did not penetrate far beyond the walls of the prison room.

After a vain attempt to attract attention by shouting Percy began to look about for some means of escape. He found only solid walls of masonry, a heavily barred door, grated window and absolute helplessness so far as escape was concerned.

The tall boy sat himself down on the only chair the room contained and began to meditate on the situation.

Here he was, the son of a millionaire, care free and thoughtless of the serious duties of life, imprisoned in an old tower away back amid the hills of old Pennsylvania. His wealth was as useless as the dead to effect his rescue.

But then, he thought, of what use to borrow trouble. It was a mere accident, his being shut in here by the innkeeper. Doubtless he would soon remember and return and set him free.

This did not happen, however, and a long afternoon passed, night falling ere signs of a rescue met his ear.

While leaning his back against the wall Percy felt the masonry tremble then slide aside, hurling him from his chair. He fell backward into a dimly lighted apartment.

CHAPTER XVI.
AGAIN ON THE TRAIL.

Nab Flynn was in no way disappointed when the Slabtown official returned empty-handed from his search.

"It was a fool's errand," said the officer as he sprang into his rig.

Nab sprang in beside the constable. Bobdown kept in the background, evidently pleased to have his quodam choreboy get away from the inn without further interviews.

"And you found nothing of a suspicious nature?" asked the boy as they rode along.

"Not a thing. I did not expect to. It was all foolishness anyhow. That Percy St. George thinks he is 'It' with a big I. I don't like him, do you, lad?"

"He's true blue," defended Nab. The innkeeper was too smart for you that is all. I wish now I had waited to talk with Percy. Where did he go?"

"Stayed up stairs to look some more, the more fool he."

At a cross road Nab left the official and turned his steps up country.

He had suddenly decided to go up to the Sourgrass farm once more. He had been well treated there, and he was about tired of his aimless rambling. And perhaps Hod Sourgrass might suggest something with regard to the disappearance of Mrs. Loveland. The led remembered, too, that he had promised to work for the mountain farmer. When he made the promise he had expected to carry it out in good faith. Circumstances somewhat beyond his control had carried him away from farm life for a time. He would go back to it now and wait for events to shape themselves.

In passing through a thicket the boy came upon a rock pile from a crack in which came an angry rattle.

The lad stood staring at a coiled rattlesnake. Its beady eyes shone like sparks of fire. The waving head and darting tongue quite fascinated the boy, in fact holding him in his tracks without the power to move a muscle or to cry out.

This was the first free rattler Nab had ever encountered.

He remembered seeing several once at a circus, under glass. They were hideous creatures, even when confined; to face one in the woods was something horrible.

"Hold still, boy, I'll git him!"

A cheery voice rang out from a point higher up.

The next instant a gun cracked and the snake floundered about in dying contortions, its head shot clean off.

"That's the way I usually fix them sort of varmints," chuckled the man who had fired, slouching down to where Nab stood watching the dying snake. "Putty clus call, kid."

And then the boy looked up into the face of the speaker.

"Why, Mr. Sourgrass!" he exclaimed, "I was thinking of you when I ran onto this snake. I was on my way back to your farm. I suppose you thought I had gone back on you entirely?"

"That's what I did. Boys is mighty onsartin these days. When I was a kid we boys had ter toe the scratch or catch a lickin'. I was a little put out to hev ye leave 'thout warnin'. 'Twan't exactly fair you know."

"I agree with you there," returned Nab. "I hope nothing has taken harm because of my absence?"

"Them early taters has suffered."

"I am sorry."

"No good to be sorry now, kid," and a half suppressed grin overspread the farmer's face. "I reckon it's all right. You city fellers hain't no calkerlation nohow. That snake——"

"Might have been the death of me if you hadn't happened along. Are you hunting squirrels? Anyhow I thank you from my heart for your act."

"Gorry, kid, no thanks is due," and Mr. Sourgrass laughed aloud. "I shud have killed the sarpent even if you hadn't been in a mile of here."

"All the same you saved my life, sir."

"Mebbe that's so."

"I'll go back to the farm and work all the rest of the summer for my board and clothes if that'll make us even," declared Nab.

"I dunno," thoughtfully returned the good natured farmer. "I come out ter hunt up a stray critter, a fresh young cow. Seen anything of sich?"

Nab declared he had seen no cow or other animal in the woods.

"Wal, like as anyhow, bossy has gone home on her own hook by now. Come along if ye like, kid, and we'll soon git to the farm."

The two trudged on in silence for some time.

"Say, by thunder," and the lean farmer whirled suddenly upon his companion. "Yer name's Nab Flynn, ain't it?"

"Yes, that's it, sir."

"The lady was axin arter ye. Glad I found ye, kid."

"A lady asking after me? Who is it?"

"Oh, as nice a lady as one ever'll meet in a day's ride. Blue eyes, peachy cheeks, slim, and walks like a fawn. She's had heaps o' trouble, too, pore critter."

"I don't quite understand," said Nab, deeply interested. "Who is she?"

"She said her name was Lovegood or someat like that."

"Don't you mean Loveland?" asked Nab.

"That's the name. D'ye know the lady?"

"Yes," returned the boy. "I know her. Her cottage was destroyed by fire only recently. And you tell me she is at your house now, Mr. Sourgrass?"

"That's the fact, kid. She come 'arly one mornin' bout beat out with walkin' in the woods. Yes, there was a fire all right, and her house burnt to ther ground."

This information was delightful to our boy hero. He should meet Mrs. Loveland again soon. He was anxious to see her, yet chagrined that he had nothing of a satisfactory nature to communicate.

When he left her the boy from Gotham expected to find Iva before he again faced the wronged young widow of Maurice Loveland.

It was best for him to see her again in any event. He wished to read that very important paper which she had found in the black leather bag on the day she found him in a dead faint at her cottage door.

Man and boy trudged along under overhanging foliage, at times skirting the base of some rock hill, at others climbing long swells of earth that seemed to reach upward to the very sky. Tired at last the boy hailed the sight of Farmer Sourgrass's domicile, hidden as it was in the valley of Satan's Run.

The door stood open, Maria's ample form almost filling the aperture.

"Hellow Mari', what ye looking so sour about?" yelled the farmer.

"Hadn't the wife of sour grass orter look sort o' vinegary?" snapped the buxom woman in reply.

"Wal, mebbe so. Git a lunch, old woman, me'n the kid is about starved."

"What ef you be?" retorted Maria. "It won't be time for supper for an hour'n a half yit. You kin go to the cupboard though if ye like. So the kid's come back, eh?"

Mrs. Sourgrass shaded her eyes with her fat hand and eyed her husband's companion sharply.

"Yes, he's back, and wants ter see Mis' Loveland powerful bad."

"Reckon he'll have ter wanter then."

Of a sudden the boy gave a jump.

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"What's that, Marl'?"

"I say he'll have ter wait a while before he sees her, that's all."

"Why so?"

"She's gone away."

"Sho! You don't tell me?"

"Yes, I tell that square out. The widder got turrible uneasy and wouldn't stay another minnit."

"When did she leave?"

"Right arter dinner."

"Did she go by herself?"

"Why of course she did. How else?"

"She might a rid away long of one o' the neighbors."

"She might, but she didn't. I made up a little sack of cakes and sandwiches so she wouldn't starve tell she found a place to stop."

"But, great gorillas, Marl', where'd she think o goin'?"

"She said she was goin' d'rect ter Deadfall Inn. I d'rected her there."

"To Deadfall Inn!" exclaimed Nab, speaking for the first time. "She could not have meant that."

"I rather think she did," declared the farmer's wife. "She told me some dreadful things about the landlord, how he had been her enemy and how she had trusted to others to find a feetle gal—her gal—he had stole from her a long time ago. Said she meant to face him and tell him how she could stand it no longer. She was that worked up I think she means to do somethin' despirit. Somebody orter warn the innkeeper; his life may be in danger."

"Danger to him! Well, I guess not," interjected Nab. "Why, that pale little splint of a woman couldn't harm one side of a surly bear like the landlord of the inn. She must have been crazy to think of going there."

"Like enough she was that."

Nab was both surprised and alarmed at what he had heard.

"I know she was despirit," declared the woman; "and she had a pistol, too. I saw it in her hand as she went out."

"A pistol! Lor, I reckin you must be mistook," said her husband.

"No I ain't mistook. That woman was mad; she has gone up ter the inn bent on gittin' justice or to have the landlord's life, that's what."

"You are quite sure she had a weapon?" asked Nab.

"Of course I am. I know a pistol when I see it."

"Then there's goin' ter be trouble," avowed old Sourgrass. "These ere women folks are dangerous critters when they git their dander up. I kinder thought there was blood in them blue eyes of hern when I fust seed 'em snappin' like hot corn on a skillet. What shell we do, Marl'?"

"Nothin' as I knows on. Tain't none of our funeral."

Nab was uneasy. He refused an invitation to enter the house.

"If you will give me a bite to eat, Mrs. Sourgrass," said he, "I will go back. I should like to know what that woman has gone to do."

"But you can't prevent it," said she. "Kids like you ain't fitten to meddle in grown folks affairs."

Nevertheless the farmer's wife brought forth food for the boy and watched him with curious interest as he stowed the food away in his pockets, turning at length and hurrying away into the black woods not far distant.

CHAPTER XVI.

TRAPPED ON THE TRAIL.

In the woods once more.

Our boy hero felt some misgivings as he trudged along the road leading to Deadfall Inn. His thoughts were many and curious as he faced once more toward the ancient Colonial pile that had been to him a house of sorrow as well as of mystery.

To be sure he had spent a few happy days there, but that was before he had heard that child's scream of distress and begun delving in the mysteries of the rugged, moss-grown old pile.

When he thought of Mrs. Loveland he found himself wondering why she had finally found courage to rush upon her fate by visiting the Mogul of the Inn in his castle.

To him it seemed the height of folly for her to thus throw herself into the jaws of the enemy.

"She can't do a thing," he expressed himself aloud. "That big old rascal of a landlord will squelch her with a look, especially if she shakes that will in his face. My, I am afraid there won't be a thing left of poor little Mrs. Loveland when that takes place."

Despite his misgivings, Nab decided that the only course for him to pursue was to follow in the footsteps of the little widow, denounce the villainy of the innkeeper to his many guests, and do what he could to terminate the rascally reign of the Satan's Run tyrant.

The boy had little hope of success, however. He was learning that the power of money is very much greater than rightcousness in this land of the free.

Then there was Percy.

He could depend on him in any crisis. That crisis had come unless he, Nab, could intercept Mrs. Loveland and turn her back from her mad determination.

Night shadows were again falling by the time our boy hero had compassed half the distance to Deadfall Inn.

He began to suspect he should not be in time to intercept the widow.

He paused an instant at a cross-road leading over the hills. This was very little more than a cow path, yet one he had often followed when he wished to shorten the distance to the Inn.

"I'll take it," he decided. "Very likely the woman'll keep along the main highway, and like enough I can get to Deadfall Inn ahead of her. Hope I may."

Nabe ate his lunch while he walked, anxious to lose no time.

It could not be over three miles to the Inn across the hills. The boy knew he could compass this distance in much less than an hour.

Of a sudden the boy gave a jump and fell over backward with a cry of fear and pain.

He struggled a moment then lay spent and moaning.

Drops of sweat rolled down the face of the entrapped youth. And well they might since his foot had stepped into a huge wolf trap.

Trapped on the trail!

Poor Nab moaned in an agony of despair. He clenched both hands about the spring of the cruel trap in a vain effort to free his imprisoned limb.

His strength made not the least impression on the heavy steel.

It would have had enough without the pain. With this added Nab felt that his cup of sorrow was running over. In some sense he was hardly a real hero. He cried in an agony of pain and disappointment.

His leg was not broken, yet it seemed benumbed and helpless. Should he ever be able to walk again? What a deal of trouble he had got into since quitting the service of the master of Deadfall Inn.

He might die here in the woods too. This thought aided in making his muscles weak and flabby.

However, the lad was not destined to perish in this ignominious manner. He could well sympathize with an animal caught as he had been, and in his secret heart he resolved, did he escape from his present peril, that he would never set another trap for even the smallest animal. Such methods seemed to him now very wicked and unchristian.

Presently Nab set up a wild shouting for help.

An ill-shaped figure moving through the woods, bending now here now there as if in search of something, came to a sudden pause.

"I thought I heard some one holler," muttered the queer personage.

"Sure, there it is again. My great Scott! if somebody's got into my wolf trap!"

Away dashed the dwarfish youth, through the thickets, over rocks, in a wild run to the scene of the accident.

"Hello! What's the trouble?"

Tony Pitts broke from cover and stood over a writhing form on the ground.

He soon discovered the true truth. Procuring a stout limb he managed by its use to bend the heavy spring and release the foot of the boy. Nab lay dazed and helpless for a considerable time.

Fortunately the jaws of the trap were not armed with teeth. The top of his high shoe had in a manner protected his limb so that his hurt was such that a short rest would make it as good as new.

Tony was profuse in his apologies and sympathy.

"No use pulling about it, confound you," snapped Nab. "You did a fool trick setting that trap where anybody could put his foot in it. Why, even women folks tramp these hills sometimes. S'pose you had caught the innkeeper's wife now? I'd go hide my head if I was you, Tony Pitts!"

"It's all right, Nab, it's all right," snorted the dwarf.

"No it isn't all right," indignantly hurled back the lately entrapped boy. "I might have died if you hadn't come along as you did just now. Besides this delay may be the death of a fine lady. Oh, oh, I wish—"

"So do I if that'll help you any," assented the repentant dwarf.

"It won't help."

Nab got up and hobbled about on one foot.

"Can't you walk?"

"No, I can't walk!"

"Lean on me, Nab."

The dwarf offered his crooked shoulders for a support. Nab rejected this aid with contempt.

"I don't ask any odds of a fellow who don't know any better than to set a wolf trap in a public highway."

"This ain't a highway."

"It's all the same anyhow. Now what am I to do? I can't walk, and it was necessary for me to get to Deadfall Inn as soon as possible."

"Was you going to the Inn?"

"Sure, cotton head. Where'd ye s'pose I was going—to Halifax?"

"I didn't know, you're such a queer chick. The boss said you was daffy in your head and I believe him now, though I didn't when he said it."

"You can believe any darn thing you like."

"I'm glad of your permission."

The two boys were not very amiable, nor was Nab accomplishing anything by such bickering. He came to suddenly realize this as a thought of Mrs. Loveland in the power of Jasper Bobdown shot to his brain.

"My goodness, Tony, I can't stand this. I must get to the castle as soon as possible," cried Nab at length.

"Will you let me help you, pard?"

"I'll have to," ungraciously.

"Not quite so bad as that," declared Pitts. "I might run on ahead and tell the boss you was coming."

"But you won't do, that."

"How sure you know I won't?"

"Because it would ruin all my plans."

"What are your plans?"

"I am keeping them to myself for the present."

"As you like," and the dwarf turned and began to walk away.

"Hold on," cried Nab. "Where are you going, Tony?"

"To Deadfall Inn of course."

"But you mustn't——"

"Yes I must. That's my home jest now. I'm a boarder there. Not one of the creme-de-la-creme of course, but quite some pumpkins all the same. What shall I tell Uncle Bob about you, Nab?"

"Tell him nothing. Come back here, you idiot," yelled Nab.

"Say please, then," jeered the dwarf. "I won't do it."

"Then I shan't come, that's all."

Again the dwarf essayed to walk away. Seeing that it was useless to expect favors by hasty and ill-mannered talk our boy hero said "Please" in a very humble manner. Consequently the dwarf came back and again offered his shoulder for the injured boy to lean upon.

In a slow and laborious manner the twain pursued their way toward the mountain tavern.

Nab's limb became less painful as they advanced, and after a time he was able to bear his full weight upon it.

As the two youths were nearing Deadfall Inn, the dwarf climbed upon a bush-covered knoll to catch if possible a view of the ivied tower of the old pile. Nab had entrusted the dwarf with some of his secret plans, and was pleased to find that Tony Pitts entered into them in a spirit of friendly determination that was most gratifying.

Percy had mentioned to [illegible] good friend of his so that [illegible] fearful of trusting him than [illegible] otherwise have been.

The lame lad stood watching the movements of his deformed friend when a cry from the latter startled him.

There was a great agitation in the bushes as Tony Pitts disappeared from view as if swallowed by the earth.

Nab went quickly forward.

He paused at length, gazing into the open mouth of a dark pit.

"Tony, where are you?" called the boy searcher, bending over the dark mouth of the seemingly bottomless opening in the earth.

No answer came up to him and Nab reeled back with a trembling of his limbs. Some dreadful calamity stared him in the face.

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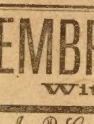

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LES WILLIS

"Come home wid me and take supper, will ye?"

"Sure, it's past supper time now. Yer wife will be ravin' mad."

"That's jest it, me bhoy. But she can't lick the two of us."

Mr. Smiley—When you get the vote, dear, you'll have to study up the different parties.

Mrs. Smiley—Won't that be fine? You know I just love parties.

Wants a Long Engagement.

"Do you believe in long engagements?" he asked after she had consented to be his.

"Yes, dearest," she replied. "I have always thought it was such a mistake for two people to rush into matrimony before they learned to really know each other."

"Well, about how long would you wish the engagement to be?"

"Let me see. Would you think it was too long if we didn't get married until a week from next Thursday?"

Cost of Celebrating.

Col. H. N. Renouf told an instructive story about summer vacation.

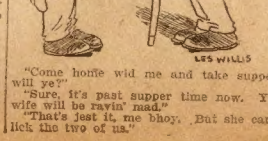
"I said to a man the other day," he began, "Well, are you going to send your wife to the seashore again this summer?"

"'No sir; I'm not,' said he. 'I can't afford it.'

"But your wife's so economical,' I objected. 'You told me that she spent very little at the shore last year.'

"'Yes, I know,' said he; 'but, home alone, I spent over a hundred a week.'"

A Diplomat.



Winning a Queen;

Or, A Fighting American Abroad

By Wallace D. Wattles

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Begin in No. 50, Dec. 10. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies may be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XV.
THE COWHERD.

DEPRIVED of a leader, and surrounded by a large and rapidly increasing force of armed Brunsenians, the Austrians were not long in coming to the conclusion that discretion was the better part of valor, and an hour found them on their way to the front.

Slade remained at the palace, at the request of his lieutenants, seeing that all traces of the late disturbances were removed, both at the palace and at Kravitch castle, and looking to the restoration of perfect order everywhere.

The story of the morning's work, losing nothing in the telling, was rapidly spreading through the city. The mountaineers, who were now coming in by the hundreds, were met by their comrades with shouts of victory, and with the news that the Austrians were in full retreat toward the border, and also with tales of the gallant deeds done by the King.

How he attack on castle Kravitch, and the fighting in the palace were magnified and enlarged upon; and as these feats set the imagination of the hardy mountaineers on fire, Slade's popularity grew hour by hour. In the afternoon a great crowd of people, citizens of all classes, gathered in the park before the palace, and began to call for a sight of the new King.

Slade went out, and was greeted with cheers; he spoke briefly, bidding them seek their homes and resume their ordinary occupations, and assuring them that peace and order would be restored, and Brunsenia preserved for her own people. The crowd dispersed after more cheering, and the mountaineers began to leave for their homes; by nightfall on the following day Brunsenia was quiet.

Slade, with little or no knowledge of the etiquette and usages of courts, was now in a difficult position. He had no advisers; the upper classes held themselves aloof, waiting to see what his policy was to be; and there were decidedly unfriendly feelings. Ransenia he made many blunders, and further alienated the nobility; but he began to treat him with open contempt. He paid no attention to his small court, or two of them had insulted him flagrantly, and then, in the third week after his coronation, he called Bug and Sam to a secret conference in his bedchamber.

"I'm getting my fill of this job," he confided to them. "I've been too thoroughly trained in republican ideas to look at things from the viewpoint of a real King. And these people are as incapable of understanding me; the aristocrats despise me because I fraternize with the burghers and mountaineers, and the burghers and mountaineers are no better pleased; they do not fit in King of their own sort. I'm losing my grip with all classes; it can't go on. Do I see it?"

The cowboys nodded.

"This kingdom," said Bug, "is made up of a lot of classes; flunkeys and donkeys. One set wants to be forever on dress parade, and hate the real thing in the bigger country; and the other set want to be kicked the first set, and ordered off the earth. The whole thing is a make-believe, like Punch and Judy."

"Right!", said Slade. "Now, my only question is, how to get out of it all. I've written Haywood that we have the cattle for sale, and will get them out in due time; but I want you boys to stay and see me through. First, I'm going to even up with some of these popinjays for some things they have said and done of late; I'm going to make the whole bunch get down and eat dirt." His eyes flashed, and he set his jaw in an ominous way. "I've driven out the Austrians and saved the Countess Bertha," (I winced as he spoke her name), "and I must not see how any free-born American could consent to stay in this place and truckle and false pretense, even for the honor of being King of it. I'll fix on some plan of abdicating with credit, and then we'll get out. You'll stay with me?"

"Sure!" said the others in chorus, and Sam added:

"When you want us for anything, John, you know where to look."

Slade wrung their hands in silence, more touched than he cared to have them know. The difficulties of his position had oppressed him greatly; he was lonely and he was helplessly in love with the Brunsenian heiress. He was puzzled, too, by her attitude. She did not manifest the contempt-ous spirit shown by her aristocratic contemporaries; but, on the contrary, treated him with the greatest respect. She did not let his society long, but seemed rather to avoid him. Notwithstanding, she had taken part in holding conversations with both Bug and Sam, asking them innumerable questions about their life in Texas, the country, and the conditions. Often, Slade caught her eyes fixed on him with something of a wistful look, and wondered; for he did not guess that she loved him, and that she had completely surrendered to her passion. But it was true.

And now things began to happen again. On the day after his conference with the boys, Slade, coming down the grand stairway, encountered at its foot a group of officers of the Brunsenian regiment, one of them being a smart young lieutenant named Redderscorf, a scion of one of the junior branches of the Staufenburgs. To this Slade made request for the performance of some slight service, and the fellow, with an exaggerated salute, turned away with a snigger to do the behest of the "cowherd" as he and his kind had dubbed the Texan. But he had gone but a few steps when Slade said quietly:

"Stop!" The young man wheeled about and saluted again; with no flourishes this time, for there was that in the King's eye which was terrifying.

"You will go to Stemnitz," said Slade slowly, "and report for orders to Captain Engels; and if you are not on your way within the hour you will be shot."

Stemnitz was a mountain post on the German frontier, and Captain Engels an old war dog who made life a burden to the young officers of his command. The lieutenant's face flushed, and then turned white as he met Slade's eye, and he left the room without a word. One of the other officers whispered some sneering comment, and Slade's quick ear caught his words. He turned upon him slowly.

"You will meet me—alone—tomorrow at sunrise on the hill beyond Kravitch castle," he said, "during your sword."

A look of amazement came upon their faces, and more than one of them grew pale; for their was no mistaking the deadly meaning of the King's look and tone. What happened at the rendezvous on the following morning no one ever knew, but the officer returned to town with his sword broken, and after resigning his commission departed finally for German territory.

From that day, Slade encountered no open disrespect from the Brunsenian nobility. They were afraid of him, and from being the most democratic of monarchs, he suddenly became one of the most exacting, insisting on being treated with the most punctilious respect. A few days after the events just described, he summoned Archbishop Otto to the palace for a consultation.

CHAPTER XVI.
PRINCE KARL'S PLANS.

"Your brother," said Slade to the archbishop, "spoke to me, once, of certain plans he had for the future of the kingdom. Do you know what those plans were?"

"Yes, Sire; in brief, his plan was to make Brunsen the intellectual capital of Europe. You see, we have the great university here, and because of its location in this minor kingdom, our teachers are not hampered by those political restrictions on thought which prevail in the larger states. Men of liberal thought are attracted by the opportunity here, and it was poor Karl's dream to form a great combination of the best and brightest of these people—the most liberal—and bring them here with the understanding that they were to be free to work together in the dissemination of truth—scientific, social, and political. That would make Brunsen a kind of Mecca for the independent thinkers of Europe, and the best and brightest of its writers, philosophers and students would come to us. Such, Sire, was Prince Karl's idea."

Slade sat for a moment in deep thought. "It is a little beyond me," he said, "but I can take in the idea. I had a great regard for Prince Karl, and will do what I can while I stay—that is, while the conditions are favorable. Suppose you make a list of the various professors whom you would invite to come here and teach, and tell me who should be appointed on a commission to visit them, explain the plan, and invite them to come. That will put the matter going."

The archbishop went away, marveling at the Napoleonic directness and prompt action of the man; and steps were at once instituted to carry the plans into execution. And having got the matter well under way, Slade felt that he had discharged whatever debt he owed to the memory of Prince Karl, and he began to hasten his preparations for his own departure.

His first step was to bestow the estates of Baron Kravitch, which had reverted to the crown, upon the Countess Bertha; and this occasioned his first interview with her since he had come into possession of the throne. On learning what he had done she asked for an audience, and he received her just at nightfall in the little room where they had held their interview on the day of her abduction by Kravitch. As on that occasion, she was waiting when he entered the room; the lights had been turned on, and he saw that she was distressed and anxious. He saw, too, that she was very beautiful, and his love for her came overpowering him; he was on the point of uttering some incoherent and foolish speech when she said:

"Why have you done this, Sire? I mean, why have you given me the estates of Baron Kravitch?"

"Why not, Countess? He left no heirs, and it is some slight reparation for what you suffered at his hands."

"But you will not keep the estates for yourself? I have all I need, and I know that the revenues of the crown are not large."

"Oh, I shall not—that is, I have plenty." He saw her watching him keenly, and knowing that he had nearly betrayed himself, he hurried on to give her an outline of the proposed plans for rejuvenating the intellectual hoofs of Brunsen, drawing a word picture of the capital as it was expected to be. "And as the greatest lady here," he finished, "you will take a prominent part in all this; and you will need unlimited funds to make your fortune will really be used for the benefit of the state, after all."

"In this picture you have drawn," said she, with her clear eyes fixed steadily on his face, "you have assigned parts to the archbishop, to my brother Max, and to myself, but what of your own? Where are you to be while we are doing all this?"

With a mental imprecation upon her quick wits, he answered:

"Oh, of course, Countess, my part is understood. I simply sit around and let other people do the work; isn't that my place, as King?"

She looked at him searchingly, and a little sadly.

"Sire," said she, "you are not happy here, and nothing could make you happy, as King of Brunsenia."

"Yes!" said he, explosively, "there is one thing which would make me happy!"

"No!" she answered firmly, "you think so, but you are mistaken. Sire, I have been talking much, these past weeks, with your friends, Mr. Swartz and Mr.—Mr. Bugs, is it not?" I have been trying to learn of your life in Texas, and to get your point of view; and I have come to understand. Sire, I think I now see Brunsenia and myself as you see us; and I can understand how mean and trifling our petty round of pleasure, our false pretenses and our hypocrisies must seem to you. No, even if I—even if you gained your heart's desire, you, who have lived the free life over yonder would never be happy here. And this plan of Prince Karl's—what will it benefit us? To bring upon us the jealousy and hatred of the great powers; to fill the city with their spies and secret police; to multiply the intrigue and hypocrisy—is it worth while? You, Sire, will never be happy in a society which is honeycombed with jealousy, suspicion and deceit."

She spoke with such deep earnestness that her voice trembled; and he wondered greatly at her frankness, and more at the great change in her since their last interview. Love is a wonderful eye-opener, and the Countess Bertha Richter had passed through a transformation, almost a regeneration.

"You are right, Countess," Slade answered, after a moment; "I could never be happy here. And I am afraid," he added, "that the vision you have gained of a larger life has spoiled your happiness as well."

"That," she said, "remains to be seen. I thank you for the estate, Sire, and you may depend upon my using it for Brunsenia's best interest. Now, have I your permission to retire?"

"If you have nothing more to say to me, Countess."

She swept past him, and paused near the door. "Sire," she said, "it is quite the custom for Kings to arrange marriages among their subjects, if doing so will further the interests of the state. Would it assist in this proposed reconstruction of our society if I should marry one of the leading intellectuals—say, for instance, Professor Roeb-

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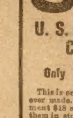

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U.S. Army Felt Hats, 95c
Easily Worth $4 to $5

Those hats are wonderful bargains at our Special Low Government Sale Factory Price of only 95c. Positively can not be bought at retail for less than $3 to $4. Now, never been used. Guaranteed as to shape. Always Felt. Stylish, striking, attractive. Color: Army Tan, with Gray Mixture. Sizes: 6¾ to 7¾. Weight, 12 ounces. Has ventilating circulation leather sweat band. Will hold shape and wear for years. Send size measure and we will immediately send hat. Money back if not satisfactory. Brand new, never been used, a wonderful bargain that only comes once in a lifetime. Write today! *Don't Pass This Wonderful Hat Bargain.*

Genuine U. S. Army Overcoat with Cape $3.95

Everyone knows the government buys only the best, and these double overcoats with detachable capes are made of regulation Kersey Army Cloth, fully lined throughout—the cape even dyed black and executed by the Government before selling them to us at a mere fraction of their cost to make—the War Department says, "they have been worn some." 12 regulation Government buttons (no trouble for uniformed rising in pocket of overcoat. In getting, buttons were removed, and at the price we are now able to offer you we cannot possibly afford to put them on. Small sizes only. Send us $3.95 and we will send one by express, subject to examination and if you are not satisfied. *Worth $20 to $30 Retail.*

Sword Bayonet with Scabbard, 35c

Steel handle and cross guard, walnut grip. Gun metal Scabbard. A fine den decoration. Price, 35c each.

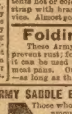
U. S. Cartridge Belts, 15c

Bright, polished blade, 20½ inches long, including handle, 30½ inches. Best web leather. Holds 50 rounds any size cartridge—in ordering mention size of cartridge used. Brass loops adjustable fastenings, strap and ornaments complete, only 15c. U. S. Army Rifle Web Belts, brand new, highly polished brass. U. S. Army Belt Buckle, detachable prize, only 75c. All leather Belts, now only 25c.

Carbine Scabbards, 75c

Made for U. S. Cavalry as the U. S. Arsenal of heavy thicked saddle leather, 31½ ins. long, will carry any size gun. Have straps which may be adjusted to sling over shoulder or adjust to saddle. Cost the government more than $2.00 to manufacture, price, seen service, only 75c.

Army Canteens, 50c



Heavy wool and canvas covered; both sides is wool covered to keep contents hot or cold. Adjustable shoulder strap with brass hooks. Will carry large service. Almost good as new. Price, 50c.

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Heavy drab canvas bags, waterproof. Shoulder straps with D ring to adjust for adjustable length. Two long straps for holding blanket. In good condition, only 50c, larger sizes only 75c.

Folding Meat Pans, 20c

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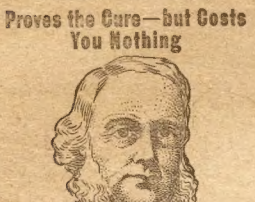

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This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood, and vigor builder ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy of it in confidence, so that any man, young or old, who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest-acting restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so cure himself at home quickly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3791 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in a plain ordinary envelope free of charge. A great many doctors would charge $5.00 to $10.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this. Send it entirely free.

lin? If so, I am quite ready," she smiled.

Slade laughed outright. Roebling was a fat, baldheaded man of forty, inordinately vain of his erudition, and very fond of beer and sausages.

"The very thing, Countess!" he cried; "I wonder that I had not thought of it!"

"When we last talked together in this room," she went on, nudging a little nearer to the door, "you told me that you loved me. Have I forfeited your love, or do you still—care?"

"I love you," he said simply.

Then nothing matters," and she was gone.

Slade sprang to the door, but she had already passed out of sight down some one of the numerous corridors, or into a nearby room, and he closed the door and coming slowly back to the window, sat down in deep and puzzled thought. What did she mean? Was she sincere, or was she carrying out some scheme by trying to make a fool of him? He could not solve the riddle of her conduct, and at last he rose, shaking his head.

"No, sir, anyway," he muttered to himself, "she told the truth when she said that I am out of place here. Even if she married me, I would never be content in this accursed hole; nor, I believe, would she. No, there is only one way out—that of Texas! Back to the range, John, and let the counts and countesses go their own useless way, and forget her—if you can!" He left the room with a slow step and with head bowed in thought.

CHAPTER XVII.

SLADE ABDICATES.

Slade began to push his preparations for leaving Brunsenia. He held frequent consultations with the archbishop, and with others of the elder men among the nobility; and, as far as possible, he provided for the carrying out of Prince Karl's plans for the reorganization of the university. Then, feeling that his duty was fully done, he proceeded to perfect arrangements for his own flight, for the manner of his going was to be such as might be properly described by the word.

He purposed to send Bug and Sam, with Heavy's cattle, to the nearest railway point in German territory, where they would wait for him; and when all was ready, he would prepare a written statement, setting forth some of the reasons for his abdication of the throne.

He would say that he felt himself to be an alien and an interloper; that he had not designed, from the first, to make himself King, but only to deliver Brunsenia from the yoke of Austria, and, having done this, he was satisfied, and wished to return to his own land.

He would advise the people to elect a King from among themselves, and to select a man who would carry out the policies planned by Prince Karl, which he had inaugurated. This paper he intended to leave on his table, and mounting a swift horse, ride to the mountains, join the cowboys, and proceed to the nearest seaport from which they could embark for home. It was all easily planned, but when everything was ready, no one in Brunsen had the least suspicion of his intention.

With one exception. On the morning when Bug and Sam were to leave with the cattle, the Countess Richter sent for them, saying that she wished to bid them farewell and to thank them again for the service they had rendered her; and when alone with them, she asked several puzzling questions.

"How much money," she asked, in her imperfect English, which she had taken to speaking in her conversation with them, "does it cost to buy and equip a farm for the cow—what do you call it?"

"A cattle ranch?" said Swartz. "Why, I think a very fair start might be made with say, fifty thousand dollars."

"And do you not think that the King—our King—would be happier as the owner of a ranch than he is here?"

"A darned sight!" said Bug. "I've read story books about Americans coming over here and getting to be Kings in these dinky little countries; but say! the Yankee who would take such a job after the brushoff. All the royalty business is just cheap vaudeville. Say, I'd rather own a truck-patch under Uncle Sam than to be Emperor of Germany, let alone King of Brunsen. I don't mind if I throw my stones at your country, Countess," he added, fearing that he had offended her.

"I understand," she said, "and I think you are quite right. Mr. Bugs. And if Mr. Slade—that is, the King—had a ranch you would like to be in his employ as punchers of the cows, would you not?"

"Sure," said they, grinning.

Presently she bade them good-by, with many thanks, and from that day she did not relax for an instant the vigilant watch she kept on Slade; and yet she was mysteriously busy with her own affairs. Slade noted the keenness of her espionage, and wondered, but he gained no inkling of what she had in mind. So things went on until the night arrived when he intended to quit Brunsen forever. It was the evening of a state reception at the palace, and when it was over, and Slade was about to leave the room, she saw him beckon to the officer of the night guard. She drew near, and listened, and heard the King say, in a very low tone:

"Have my best saddle horse—the white one—brought to the side door exactly at midnight. I am going for a ride."

The officer saluted, and turned away with a puzzled look; and Slade, turning also, came face to face with Bertha. She made some light remark, and they talked together for a moment, and when he took her hand in parting, he pressed it passionately to his lips, and the look in his eyes was that of despair and immortal pain. As he turned away, she ran from the room, and she passed the next hour in strenuous activity. A little before midnight she rode up to the side door of the palace, on a splendid horse, and gave the rein to a soldier, who was already holding Slade's mount.

"I am going to ride with the King," she said, "hold both horses and I will tell him that I am ready," and she went inside, leaving the man gasping with amazement.

She hurried to the door of Slade's room, and opening it softly, stepped inside. He was standing by a table on which he had just deposited an open paper, which he was regarding thoughtfully. So absorbed was he that he did not hear her open the door or know of her presence, until the rustle of her skirts as she came close to him attracted his attention. Then he saw the astonishment that she wore her riding habit, and that her eyes were sparkling with excitement and her cheeks were very red. She came close, and placing her hand on his arm, stood for an instant looking searchingly into his eyes.

"The horses are waiting, John," she said, "have you finished the paper?"

"The horses?" he asked. "What horses?"

"Yours and mine; I am going with you, of course! And take this package; put it carefully into the inside pocket of your coat; there are fifty thousand dollars in it, in bills of exchange."

"Where does it come from?" he said, still mystified. He took the package in his hand and looked at it curiously.

"I have sold the Kravitch estate; the bankers have it now, John."

"I cannot take this money, Bertha," he said, supposing she meant to offer it as a parting gift.

"But you can take me, can you not? John, dear John, the money is yours by right; I am only bringing you back your own, and offering myself into the bargain. Take me away from here; take me where you can be yourself, and where I will be just the woman you love away from all this tinsel mockery and false pretense. Let us buy a ranch in Texas, John; will you?" She was leaning against him now and her face was lifted toward his, and he caught her in his arm and kissed her passionately.

"Are you sure, Bertha?" he said. "Sure of yourself?"

"Sure? John, I have been born again; love has made all things new for me. I know! Keep the money safe; it is our fortune; and let us be going, for time passes."

Day had broken when they reached the apex of the mountain pass, and they drew rein to take a last look at the white city of Brunsen, lying far below them.

"Good-by!" said Bertha, joyously, as she reined her horse close and placed her hand on Slade's. "Good-by, Brunsen! I leave you gladly, for I am going to live in a new world!" and she lifted her face to meet his lips.

"Good-by, Brunsen!" said Slade. "I served your rightful Queen while I was within your walls, and I shall serve her all my life!" And they rode happily on together.

The end.

Alec's Little Joke.

"Number, please?" squeaked Central.

"Gimme No. 77—three rings," replied Alec.

Simultaneously three receivers were lifted from their holders. One clicked with importance, the other two were taken down cautiously.

"Hello," said No. 77—three rings—with dignity.

"Is this you, Miss Lily?" asked Alec.

"Yes; is that you, Alec?" said Miss Lily. "How are you, Alec? That's good. I'm—"

"Yes, I'm all right now," broke in Central, up to say, shall I send out the notices to the club this week, or wait until next week?"

Miss Lily was president of the new local improvement club and Alec was its secretary. The other two receivers were still down—two ears were still listening.

"Well, Alec," said Miss Lily, "if you have time I guess it would be well to send them out this week."

"I think we're going to have a big crowd out. I've arranged for the refreshments as you told me to."

That is too much for the "eavesdroppers," so number 77—two rings, forgetting that she had no business on the wire, piped up. "What club's that, Alec Henderson?"

Alec, recognizing the intruder's voice, said, "A club to learn people to mind their own business and speak when they are spoken to."

Simultaneously two receivers clicked in their holders.

"Guess that'll hold 'em," said Alec.

The next day Alec happened to think of a good joke he'd heard somewhere. He decided to play it on No. 77—two rings, so he took down his receiver.

"Number, please," said Central.

"No. 77—three rings," answered Alec with excitement, and anticipating a good joke.

Almost without an instant's interval No. 77—two rings, said in a cheery voice:

"Good morning."

"This you, Mrs. Chatterfield?"

"Yes, sir. To whom am I talking?" asked Mrs. Chatterfield.

"This is the telephone man. Your line is a little out of order, and I just want to test it, so if you'll please help me I'll be much obliged," said Alec, smiling to himself.

"O, certainly, Mr. Taylor," she replied.

"Please stand a foot to the right and say 'Hello' three times, each time a little louder than the first."

"Hello! Hello! Hello!" said Mrs. Chatterfield fairly screaming.

"And now a foot to the left and repeat."

"Hello! Hello! Hello!" she said again, even louder than before.

"And now a foot in front of the phone," said Alec, almost giving the joke away with his chuckling.

"Hello! Hello! Hello!" shrieked Mrs. Chatterfield.

"And now please stand on your head and say 'Hello!'" and Alec quickly hung up his receiver and leaned back in his chair and laughed and laughed.

Mrs. Chatterfield, indignant Mrs. Chatterfield, banged up the receiver with terrific force and exclaimed:

"The wretch! I'd just like to find out who he was!"

"Ha! Ha! Ha! I guess that'll hold 'er while, too—and learn 'er what club I'm talkin' about!" said Alec, satisfied that he'd taught her her lesson.

Anything to Please Her.

The new dairyman had been given instructions that the lady at No. 75 was inclined to find fault. But she was a good customer, and he was on no account to be rude to her.

"Those eggs you left yesterday were stale," grunted Mrs. 75 on the dairyman's second visit.

"Them beggs," responded the dairyman, blandly, "was laid 'arf an hour before you 'ad 'em, by special, quick-laying birds imported from the Mosely Womps Isles, marm, an' they came down ter this very house by Marconigram, so as yer should get 'em fresh. A bit of a twist—for the 'ens, but you can lay odds, marm, it's stale."

"Well, this milk didn't seem as good as usual yesterday either," she pursued.

"Well, the gut thing is to be cut up while 'tears that!" continued the dairyman. "I sent down to Hallfax—I suppose I'd better—I won't eat nothing but pea-nuts an' apples. 'Never mind the expenses,' s 'This 'ere cow we keeps a-purpose fer lady at 75; an' mind it sleeps on fea bed at nights, 'e sez, 'an' don't fo heiderdown quilt and the bed socks there anything wrong wi' the b marm?'"

But Mrs. 75 shook her head, breath

Diplomacy.

The late Lord Salisbury was very ca not to confer too much on worthy ou men in the diplomatic circles. On one casion he sent a foreign office emissa make some demands of the rep Before setting out, the emissary, w his lordship had explained the exact m of the demands, desired to be informe to the course to take if, after he had everything, there was a refusal.

"Refusal!" answered Salisbury, "th not a matter in which we have the thought of fight. If the President ref why you will simply have to come again."

The emissary went and had his the President of , who blankly ref to give in, and the diplomat retired to t things over.

A few hours later he wrote to the P dent:

"I regret that your excellency does see your way to recognize the justnes the claims which I have laid before you present. I have now to say, on beha her Britannic majesty's Government, unless your excellency yields on all p which I have named, it will be my pai to break off on the second half of my structions."

Under the vague and significant th the President yielded at once.

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A Boy's Ribs.

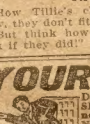
Of course, neither you nor any one else will how many ribs you have got until some cash value to them can be placed upon them. Young , living in Medina, O., was sitting on a log when the tire of a passing auto burst, and a piece hit him in the side. He fell to the road on to a wheelbarrow, and he had three ribs broken. His father sued for damages, and a jury said that Albert's ribs were worth $200 apiece.

'Tis Better So.

"How Tillie's clothes hang about her! Why, they don't fit her at all!"

"But think how much worse she would look if they did!"

YOUR HEART



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